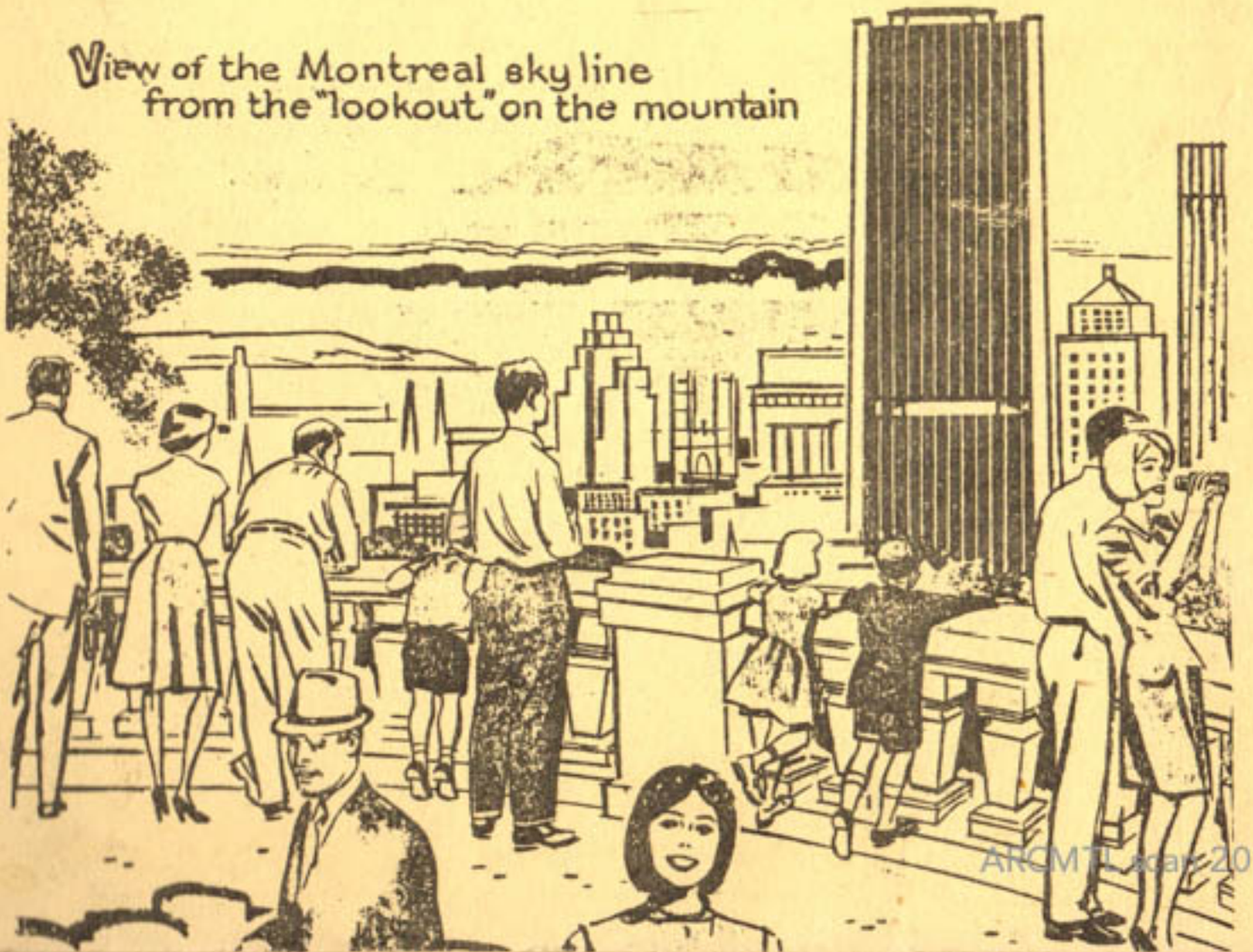
Carrie Diamond

Montreal



View of the Montreal sky line
from the "lookout" on the mountain

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MONTREAL

The city of Montreal is one of the largest and oldest cities in Canada. Here over 3 million people live, work and play. Who are these people? How long have they been here? What do they do? As you follow along you will learn about the city your family has chosen to live in.

Have people always lived in cities? What made cities possible?

Farming made cities possible. Man first learned to farm about 20,000 years ago. Before that, people got their food by hunting and fishing. Or they gathered fruits, berries, nuts, roots, birds' eggs, insects, or anything else that was good to eat. To hunt and gather enough food for himself, one person probably needed more than 1,200 acres of good land. That is a big piece of land. It would cover an area almost a mile and a half long and a mile and a half wide.

After farming was invented, one man could grow all the food he needed for himself on a few acres of land. This meant that more people could live closer together than ever before. It did not mean that all these people suddenly moved into cities. Most people still lived on their farms or in small villages. But farming did make it possible for people to live in cities if they wanted to, or if they had to.

All of the Earth's cities, old and new, are alike in one important way: they are made up of many people living close together.

Crowding causes most city problems. Every person on Earth produces waste products from his body and garbage from his food. Every person litters the land with junk. Every person pollutes the air and makes noise. But when that one person has 1,200 acres around him, these problems do not become serious. A man on 1,200 acres does not have to stay near his wastes and garbage. The amount of litter a man could leave behind on 1,200 acres is small. If he catches a disease, there are only a few people around for him to pass it to. His campfire might be smokey, but it will never darken the sky for miles around. And whatever noise he makes is lost in the silence of the wilderness. How different these very same things become when thousands of people are crowded onto a small piece of land!

Of course, there are also many good things about living close together. Cities must rank as one of man's greatest inventions. Cities have brought people together so they can learn from one another. Cities have encouraged people to make laws and develop governments. They have produced great artists and helped workmen improve their talents. Cities have

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built fine schools and hospitals. They support museums, opera, ballet, theatre, and zoos. Perhaps you can add many other good things about cities to such a list when you think about Montreal.

When people build cities, they kill nearly all the plants and drive out nearly all the wild animals that live on the land. The soil itself is covered over with buildings and streets. Some of Earth's cities have set aside land for parks. Everyone agrees that it is wonderful to have a patch of green trees and grass growing inside the city. And yet, the parks slowly fill up. Streets and highways are built through them. Restaurants, zoos, museums, tennis courts, police stations, playgrounds, bicycle paths, horseback riding trails, amusement parks, swimming pools, skating rinks, theatres, plazas, fountains, and statues slowly cover the open space. Of course, these are all good things to have in a city. But why must they take the place of trees and grass?

When man finishes his cities only four kinds of things live there with him. The first, and rarest, are birds, squirrels, and other anim als that live in the tiny green patches left inside the city.

The second are pets, houseplants, trees, shrubs, and flowers that man brings into the city to share his life.

The third are the pests that live in the city, whether man wants them or not. These include rats, mice, and a few kinds of birds and bugs.

Finally, the city is full of the tiny things like bacteria and viruses that live on and in the human body. Of course, these little things live with man whether he is in the city or not and sometimes cause a lot of trouble.

Before you start to explore Montreal, there are some things you should know about this island city. You should also learn how to say "bonjour", which means "good-day", and "merci", which means "thank you", because most of the people you meet speak French.

Montreal is built on an island that is about thirty miles long and nine miles wide. The St. Lawrence River flows past its front door and big ships from all over the world bring passengers and cargoes to Montreal Harbour. At the back, or north side of the island, the river is divided in two by another large island, called Ile Jésu. The part nearer the city is called Rivière des Prairies, or sometimes just the Back River. The other part is called Rivière des Milles Iles, or the River of a Thousand Islands.

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Montreal itself is also divided into two main parts. In the eastern section, most people speak French and everywhere you go you will see French signs on the stores, theatres and restaurants. In the west end, many people speak English and the stories and streets have English names.

Almost in the centre of the city is a mountain, called Mount Royal. At the top is a Lookout and from there you can see most of Montreal spread out before you. Across the St. Lawrence River, five bridges lead to the South Shore. In the east, on your left, the Louis Hippolyte Lafontaine tunnel-bridge, half under water and half over water; then the Jacques Cartier, the Victoria, the Champlain and the Mercier bridges. Beneath the Jacques Cartier is the island of Expo 67.

Straight ahead is the first lock of the St. Lawrence Seaway which leads ships past the rapids to the Great Lakes.

End of Park 1

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STRANGERS COME TO HOCHELAGA

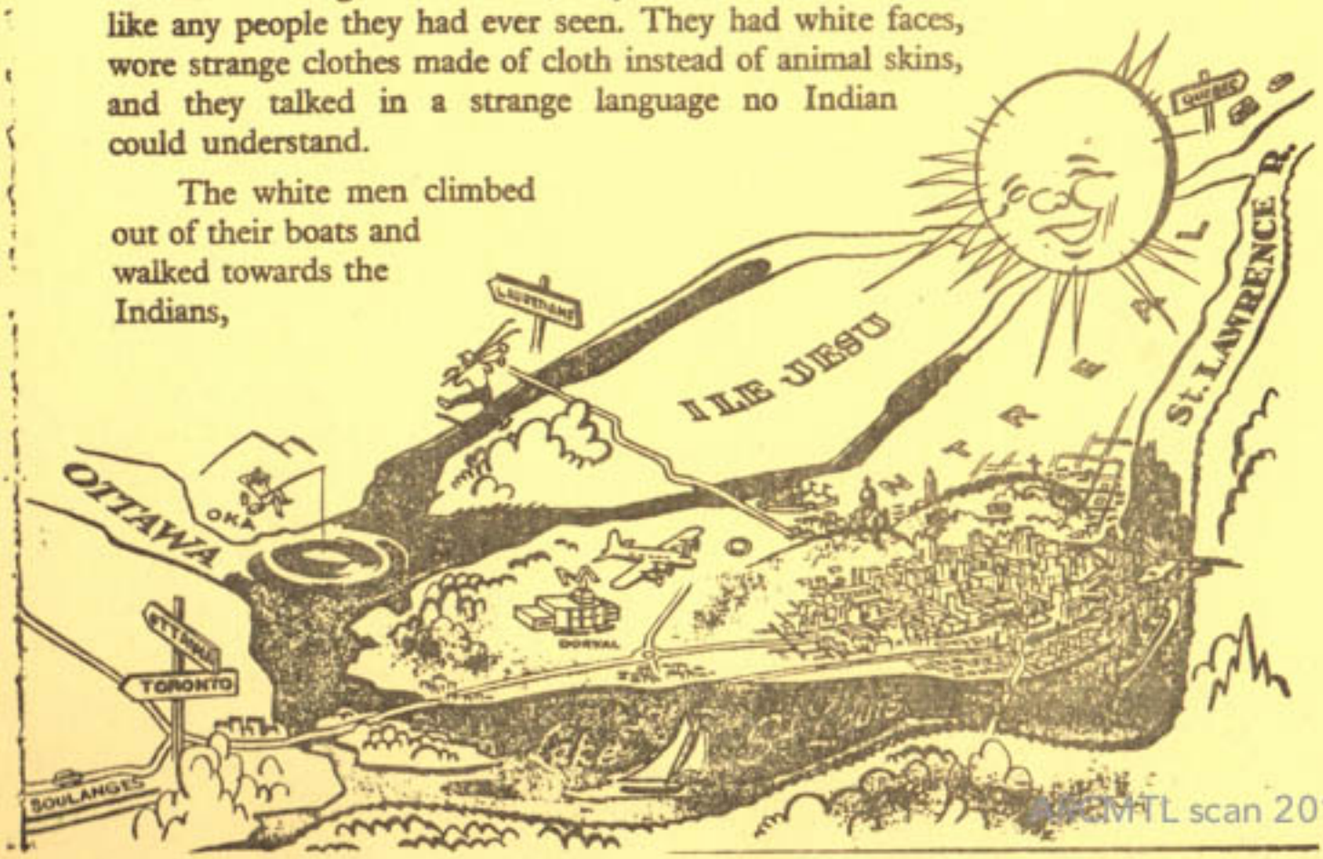
THE STORY of Montreal began one evening in October, 1535. That night, three little rowboats landed on the island just two miles from the Indian city of Hochelaga.

Hochelaga was the largest Indian city in what is now eastern Canada. Many Indians in North America were nomads, or wanderers, who moved from place to place, sleeping in wigwams and getting their food by hunting and fishing. They had no businesses to go to and never built any factories or stores. They made their own clothes and none of them ever went to school.

At Hochelaga, however, the Indians had more than fifty wooden houses, each one built like an apartment house with separate rooms for each family. In the centre of the city was an open square and all around the buildings the Indians built a palisade, or fence, thirty-five feet high. On the inside of the palisade, near the top, were galleries or platforms reached by tall ladders on which Indian fighters stood and shot their arrows at anyone who was attacking them.

That October evening in 1535 more than a thousand Indians were living in Hochelaga. When scouts brought word that three boats carrying some strange visitors had landed on the island, the Indian chiefs hurried down to meet them. At first, and until they saw how few visitors there were, the Indians were frightened. Then, they were astonished. The visitors were not like any people they had ever seen. They had white faces, wore strange clothes made of cloth instead of animal skins, and they talked in a strange language no Indian could understand.

The white men climbed out of their boats and walked towards the Indians,



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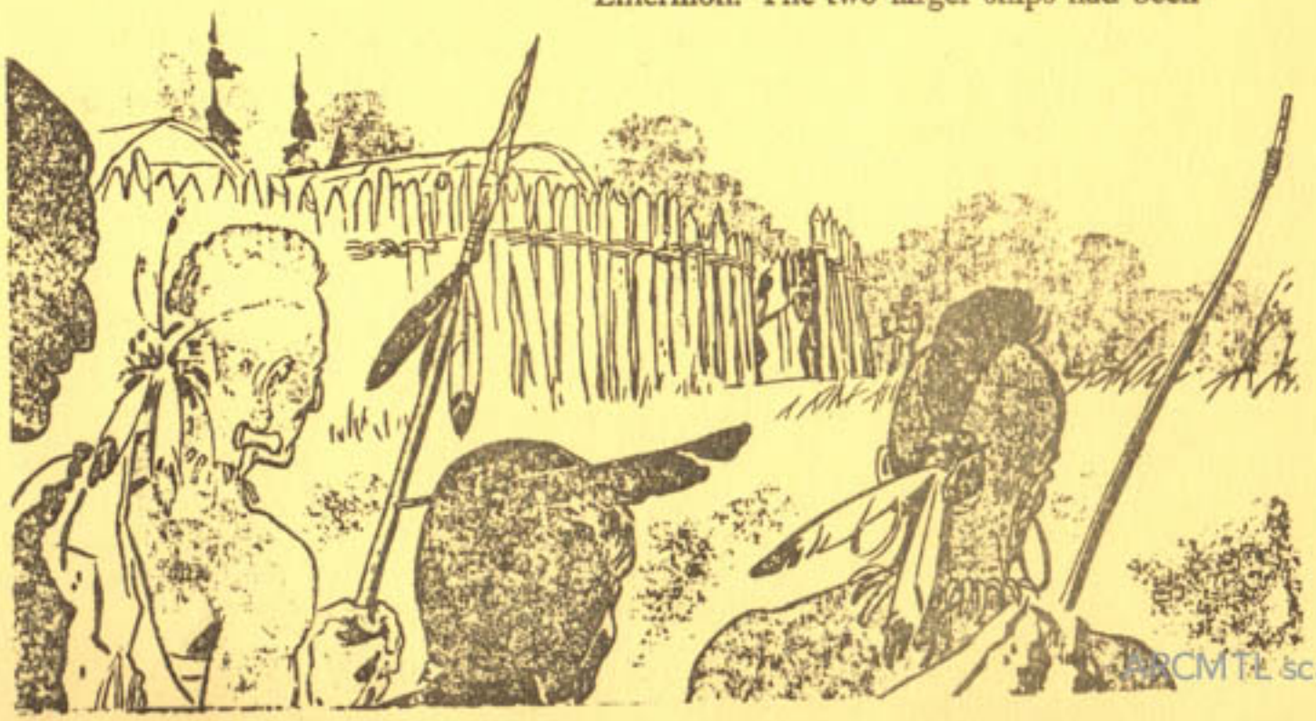
Jacques Cartier

holding out their hands in friendship. They were greeted by long Indian speeches which, of course, they didn't understand and they exchanged gifts with the redmen. That night on shore, there were bonfires and Indian dances. At midnight, the visitors went to sleep on the ground beside their boats and the Indians went back to their walled city.

Early the next morning, the Indians returned to take the strangers to Hochelaga. Along narrow trails they walked to the foot of the mountain. On the way they stopped to light a fire and hear more speeches. Then they entered the city gates.

The people of Hochelaga gathered in the square to welcome them. They watched as the leader spoke about France and the king and Christianity. They didn't understand a word, but they listened politely and grunted their approval. After visiting the Indian houses, the white men followed the chiefs up a steep path to the top of the mountain. They gazed with wonder at the dashing white water of the St. Lawrence rapids and they saw how the rivers joined and parted to form several islands of which the one where they stood was much the largest.

Then the strangers returned to their boats and rowed downstream to what is now called Lake St. Peter. Here they had left their sailing ship, the Emerillon, or Sparrow Hawk, because they were afraid it might upset in the rapids. None of them ever saw Hochelaga again. Their leader was Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, who had sailed from St. Malo, France, in May with a fleet of three ships, the Grand Ermine, the Petite Ermine and the Emerillon. The two larger ships had been



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Samuel de Champlain

left at Stadacona, another Indian village farther down the river where Quebec City now stands.

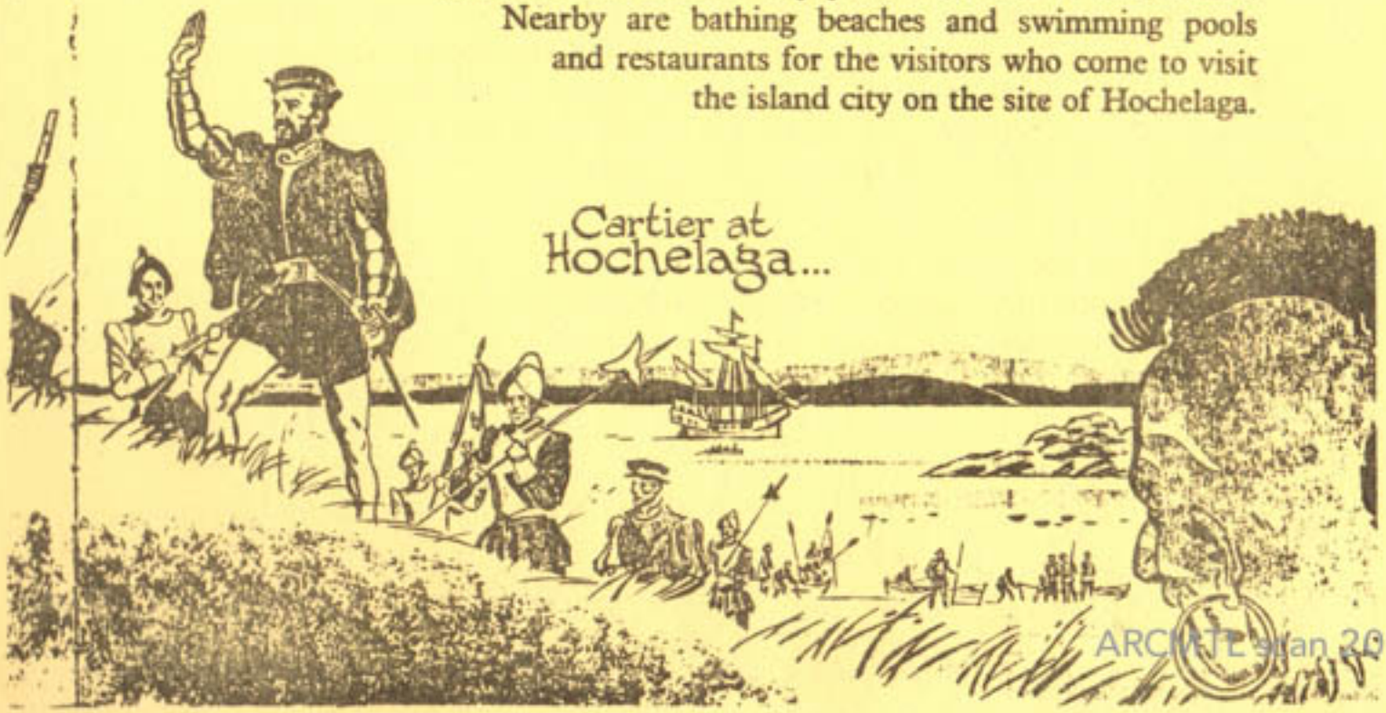
From Hochelaga Cartier returned to Stadacona and spent the winter there. In the spring, he returned to France with his amazing story of the New World. Describing Hochelaga, he spoke of the beautiful mountain and called it Royal Mountain. In the French of that time, the word for royal was "réal", and so Jacques Cartier told the King and French court of the island of Mont-réal. That was how the city got its name.

Cartier made one more voyage to Canada but did not visit Hochelaga. Sixty-eight years later Samuel de Champlain came to the island but the Indian city had disappeared. He landed first on the little island which he called Ilot Normandin. He, too, climbed Mont-réal and admired the view. Then, in 1610, after founding Quebec, he came back again. With him came some fur traders who sent messages to the Indians to come to Mont-réal to trade.

Champlain and his men chopped down some trees on the river shore, built a log cabin and a high wall to keep out the water in the spring. He called the new settlement Place Royale and planned to build another fort on another island which he called St. Helen's.

Friendly Indians refused to come to Place Royale, however, because they were afraid of other Indians, called Iroquois. So the settlement was abandoned and Champlain went back to Quebec. He never returned.

Hochelaga is gone, but Place Royale remains. On St. Helen's Island a stone fort was built many years later and it still stands. Nearby are bathing beaches and swimming pools and restaurants for the visitors who come to visit the island city on the site of Hochelaga.



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TWO MEN, A DREAM AND FIREFLIES IN A BOTTLE

WHEN MONTREAL began it was called Ville Marie de Montréal, the City of Mary of Montreal. At first it was a religious mission to teach Christianity to the Indians.

For thirty-one years after Champlain left, the French traders met on the island to trade with the Indians. The name Montreal was known not only in New France but in France itself. It was there that the idea of the mission city began. Two men had a dream and it led to the fireflies in a bottle.

In the town of Laflèche, in France, lived Jean de la Dauversière, a very religious man. He never visited Canada, but one night in 1641 he dreamt that an angel visited him and told him that he should help take Christianity to the Indians at Mont-réal. At almost the same time, Abbé Olier, a priest who had started a new religious order called the Séminaire de St. Sulpice, had the same vision in a dream.

Dauversière and Abbé Olier had never met. Then, one day they saw and recognized each other. They began talking of their strange dreams. The word of their visions interested other religious men and women in France and an Association of Mont-réal was formed to help them carry out their mission. Money was given to them and it was decided to send priests to the Canadian island to preach to the Indians, nursing nuns to start a hospital and teaching nuns to teach the Indian children.

Neither Dauversière nor Abbé Olier could lead the expedition, so they chose Paul de Chomedy de Maisonneuve, a brave soldier and a religious man, as leader. In the summer of 1641, with forty soldiers, some priests and

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Paul de Chomedy de Maisonneuve

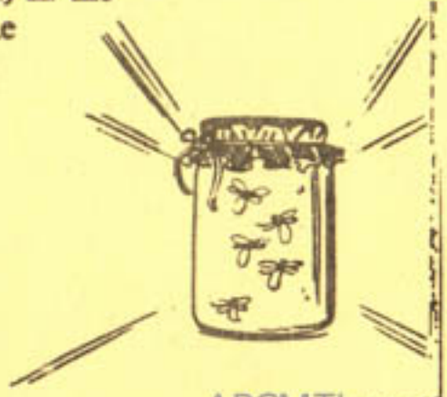
Jeanne Mance to serve the colony as a nurse, Maisonneuve sailed for the New World. He spent the winter in Quebec, building a sailing ship with three masts, two shallops, or rowboats, and a barge with sails. In this small fleet, with fifty followers, Maisonneuve sailed for Montreal on May 8, 1642. A week later he reached the island and on the morning of May 17, he landed where Champlain had founded Place Royale.

As they stepped from their boats on to the shore, Maisonneuve and his followers knelt and prayed. They then built a little altar which was decorated by the women with spring flowers. At this altar that same day Montreal's first mass was celebrated and Father Vimont, head of the mission at Quebec, spoke to the colonists. "What you see", he said, "is only a grain of mustard seed, but it is so animated by faith and religion that it must be that God has great designs for it."

After the mass, the work of unloading the boats and building homes began. That night, since the colonists had no oil for their lamps and no candles, the women caught fireflies and put them in a bottle. This flickering lantern lighted the altar.

The next day the men dug a deep ditch around the camp and began to build a palisade in case the Indians should come. They worked quickly because they had been warned that the Iroquois would attack them. Many people had tried to persuade Maisonneuve to give up his plan to go to Montreal. But he was determined to carry out his mission. "I would go there if every tree were an Iroquois!" he said.

They were brave words, and they were followed by many brave deeds. Until 1644, Ville Marie was not much more than a few tents and huts behind a wooden wall. Then the first large building was erected, a hospital for Jeanne Mance and the other nurses, called Hôtel Dieu. Next a fort with solid walls was built and a cannon from Quebec was set up over the gate. Maisonneuve built his own home as a fort, or chalet, in the clearing in the forest between the hospital and the settlement. The footpath that led from his chalet to the hospital became St. Paul Street, the oldest street in Montreal.



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THE CITY OF MANY FLAGS

ALL NIGHT long on June 23, bonfires blaze along the banks of the St. Lawrence from Gaspé to Montreal. The biggest bonfire of all is in Montreal's Lafontaine Park where thousands of people gather for the Fête de Feu on the eve of Jean Baptiste Day when French Canada honours its patron saint.

Early next morning, people are beginning to line up along Sherbrooke Street for the Big Parade which will pass by in the evening. Boys and girls sit on the curbs or on wooden stands while some of the older boys are perched up on the branches in the trees. Buildings are gay with bunting and flags. Balloon sellers are busy. Thousands of marchers and dozens of colourful floats that tell the story of French Canada take part in the great procession.

As the bands march by and the crowds wave and cheer, some of the history of Montreal is told in the display of flags.

When Montreal was called Ville Marie, Maisonneuve and his followers flew the white flag of France with its gold fleur-de-lis. It remained over the forts and gates of the city until the English marched in more than a century later. During that period the little religious mission became a city of trade and commerce. On winding St. Paul Street where Maisonneuve once lived, the fur trading merchants built their shops and their homes. One street further up, on Notre Dame, lived the lawyers and notaries. Around the whole town was a wooden wall with five big gates, one at what is now McGill Street, another at St. Lawrence Boulevard. It was from this walled town, flying the lilies of France, that the explorers and the fur traders travelled in canoes and on snowshoes across the continent. Their rich cargoes of furs were brought back to the St. Paul Street merchants.

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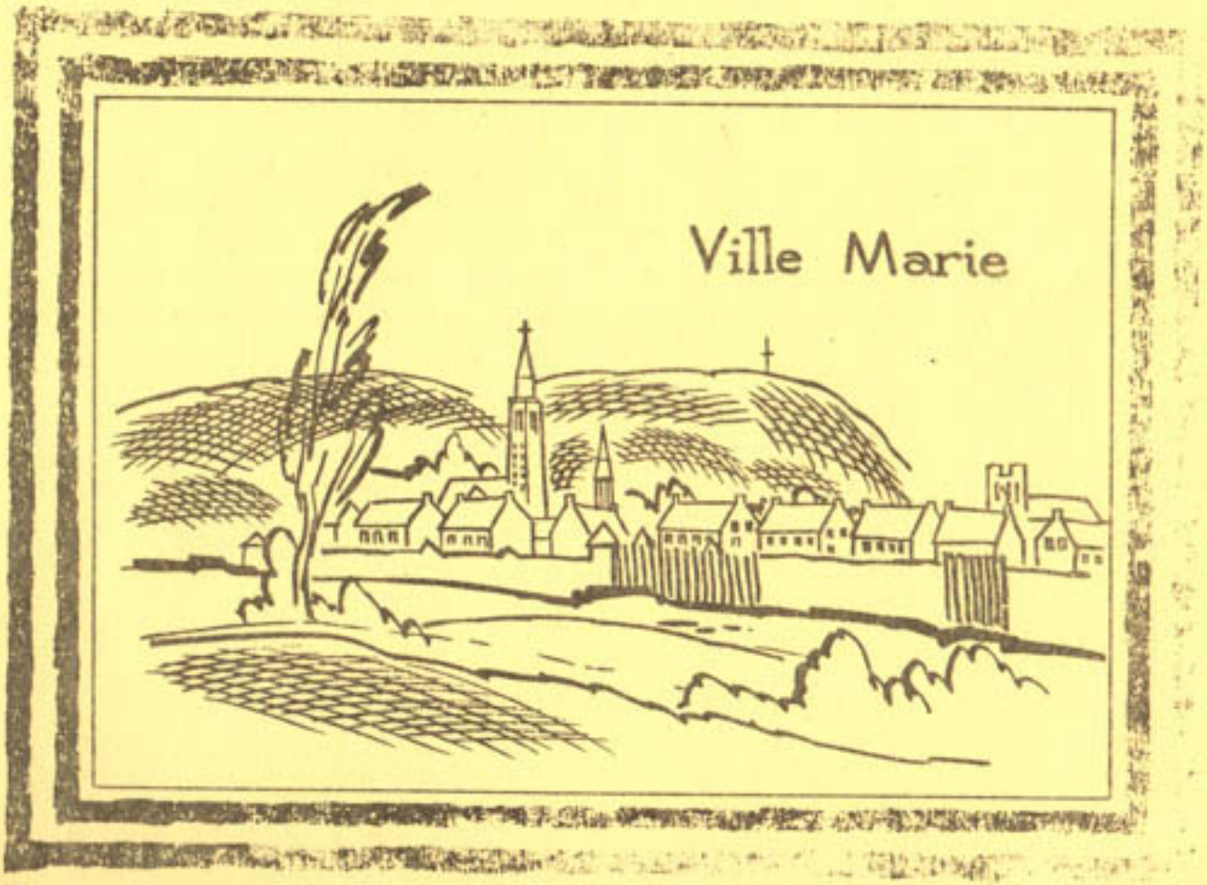
In 1763, Montreal became a British city. The fleur-de-lis was hauled down and replaced by the Union Jack. Scottish and English traders and merchants came to live in Montreal and as the city grew larger new buildings went up on St. James and Craig streets and other new avenues still farther from the river.

The third flag flew over Montreal in 1776 when the city was captured by the American Revolutionary Army. The revolutionary banner was hoisted over Chateau de Ramezay, the former home of the French governors and remained there until the American rebels gave up their hopes of attracting French Canada to their side and returned to the new republic, the United States of America.

After 1867, when the British American colonies united to form a new nation called Canada still another flag flew from Montreal's buildings. The Canadian ensign with the Union Jack in the top left corner and the Canadian coat of arms on the fly was the symbol of the new union of peoples. Montreal still remembers its past and flies a Quebec flag, blue and white with four fleurs-de-lis and in 1965, two years before its hundredth birthday, Canada added its own new flag, a red maple leaf on a red and white background.

Montreal is a city of flags. Over her buildings, in city parks and squares, fly the Union Jack, the flag of the Commonwealth, the Quebec fleur-de-lis, the Canadian maple leaf flag and often the Stars and Stripes, to welcome visitors from the country next door.



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A VISIT TO VILLE MARIE

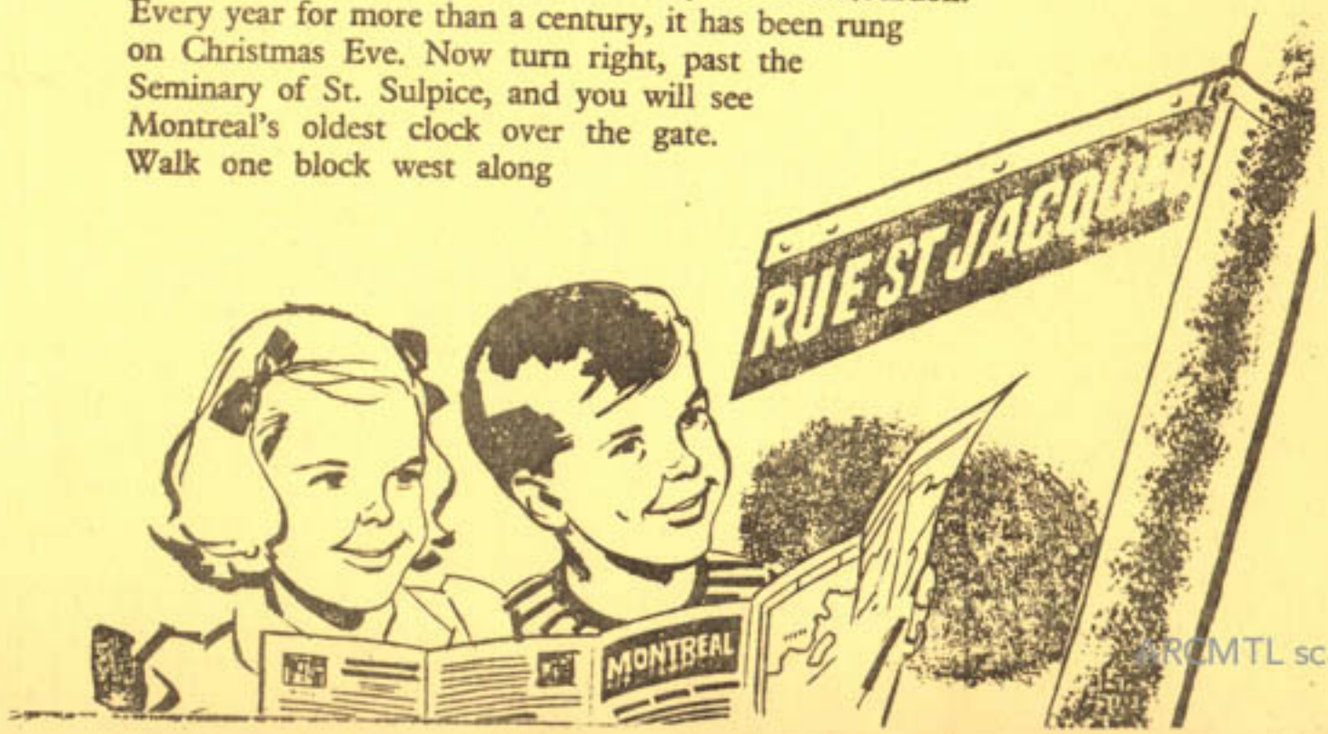
THE LITTLE walled town of Ville Marie has disappeared. But you may still see Place Royale where Champlain landed and you may walk along the streets where Maisonneuve and Jeanne Mance walked when Montreal was very young.

Just a few years ago, Ville Marie was falling down or being demolished to make way for modern buildings. Now it has been restored and is as it was centuries ago.

To reach Ville Marie, you must leave modern Montreal and turn towards the river. Walk, drive or take a bus or Metro car down to Place Victoria at the bottom of Beaver Hall Hill, where the fur barons once lived. Then walk along St. James or Notre Dame streets to Place d'Armes. Here, Maisonneuve himself will welcome you on your visit to Old Montreal.

In Place d'Armes you are walking on historic ground. Here it was that Maisonneuve fought the Iroquois, killing one of the chiefs before retiring into the fort. Here the first settlers planted their fields of grain and harvested them within sight and call of the town gate where watchers were constantly on guard to call them if any Indians should be seen. Here the first parish church was built and its successor, the great church of Notre Dame still stands.

When you have said "bonjour" to Maisonneuve, cross the square to the steps of Notre Dame Church. Above you are two tall towers. In one of them hangs the largest bell in North America, the Gros Bourdon. Every year for more than a century, it has been rung on Christmas Eve. Now turn right, past the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and you will see Montreal's oldest clock over the gate. Walk one block west along



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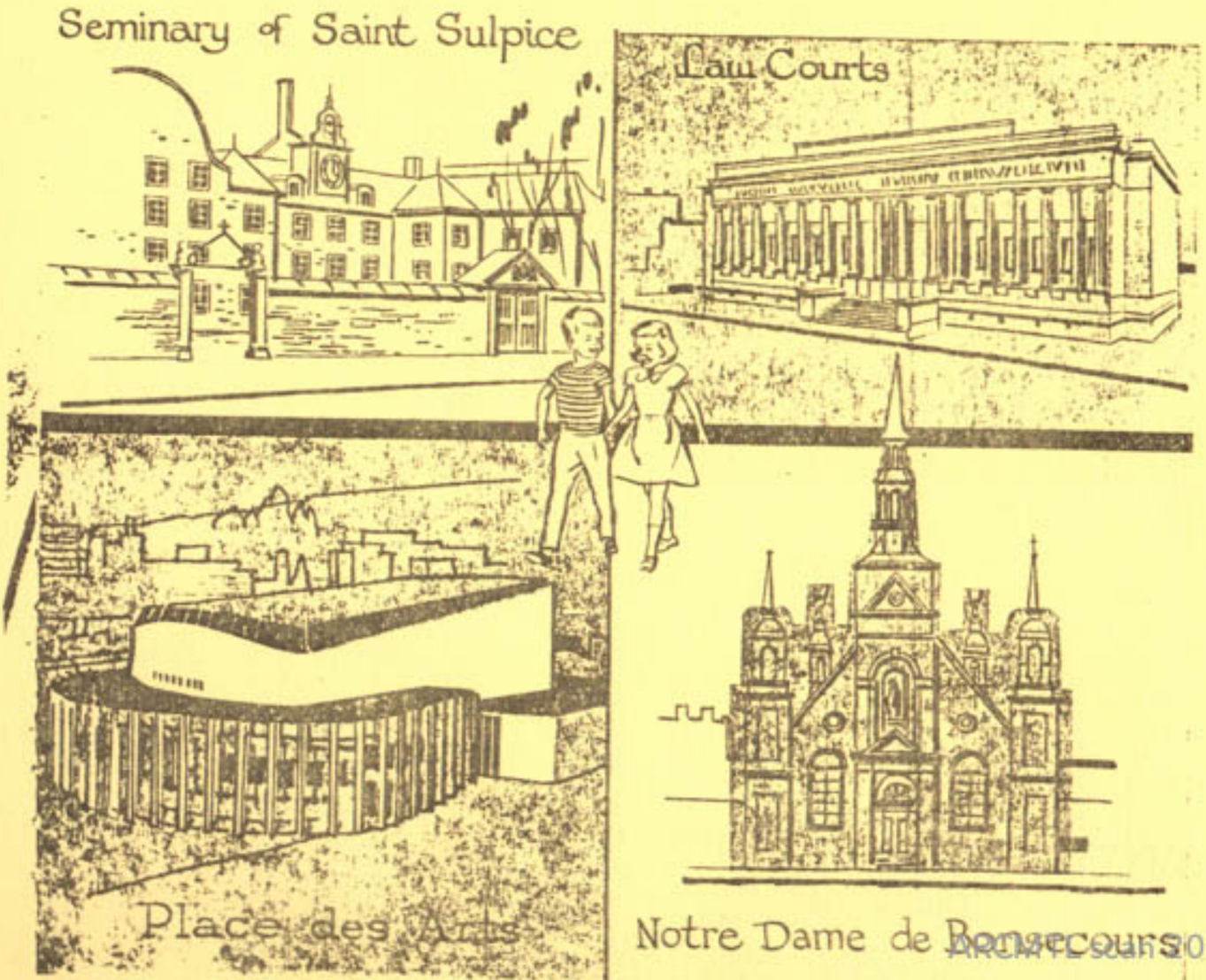
Notre Dame Street and you come to St. François Xavier. Follow this street to the river and you will reach Place Royale.

As you stand on the square near the monument to the first settlers, you can picture Ville Marie as it was three hundred years ago. Around you are old stone buildings, none of them as old as the city but many of them built during Montreal's early days. Beside the doorways on some buildings are plaques recalling the names of governors, explorers and adventurers who lived there centuries ago. At St. Paul Street and Workman Place, Maisonneuve had his home. In 1661, the house was enlarged and was occupied by the Gentlemen of the Seminary of St. Sulpice until 1712. Then the building with the old clock was built, and the Sulpicians have been there ever since.

East of Place d'Armes, on Notre Dame Street, are the Palais de Justice, the old and new court house, and the ornamental City Hall. At Place Jacques Cartier are statues to two naval heroes, Admiral Nelson of Britain and Admiral Vauquelin of France. Farther east on St. Paul Street is the newly-restored dome of Bonsecours Market, once Old Montreal's principal meeting place, and the Bonsecours Church, founded by Marguerite Bourgeoys who came to Ville Marie in 1635 as a teacher.



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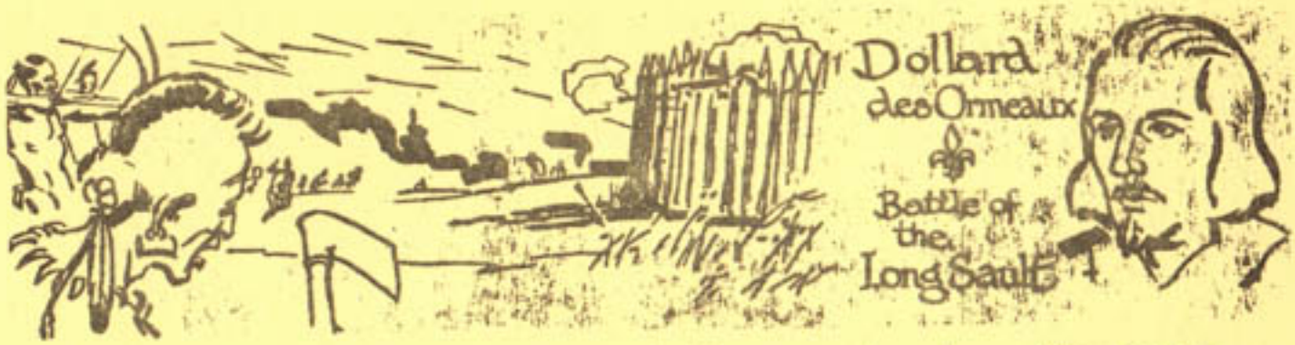
PILOT AND HEROES OF VILLE MARIE

On Place d'Armes, pause for a moment to stroke the head of Pilot, the heroic dog whose figure is carved on the Maisonneuve statue.

During its first few years Ville Marie was often attacked by Indians. To help protect the colony against a surprise attack, Maisonneuve had his dog, Pilot. Pilot kept constant watch for Indians. If she saw an Iroquois on the edge of the forest, she would bark and rouse the colonists.

One day in 1660, the colony was warned that a band of Iroquois was coming down the Ottawa Valley to destroy it. A young Frenchman, Dollard des Ormeaux, and 16 other young men volunteered to go out and meet them. At the Long Sault Rapids on the Ottawa River, they built a palisade with small tree trunks. There they were attacked by 800 savages. For nine days the Indians fought and were driven back. Then, when he and his men were almost exhausted, Dollard put some gunpowder in a little box, lit



it and tried to throw it over the palisade among the redmen. The box hit the wall and bounced back. When it exploded, it made a hole in the wall and the Indians rushed in. Dollard and all his companions were slain.

Dollard's sacrifice was not in vain. The Indians could hardly believe that so few men had resisted so long. In Ville Marie, they thought, there would be many more soldiers. So they gave up their plans and went away. Today, on the 24th of May, as all Canada celebrates a holiday, it is Dollard Day in Montreal, and many people gather at the Dollard monument in Lafontaine Park to honor the hero of French Canada who saved the colony of Ville Marie.

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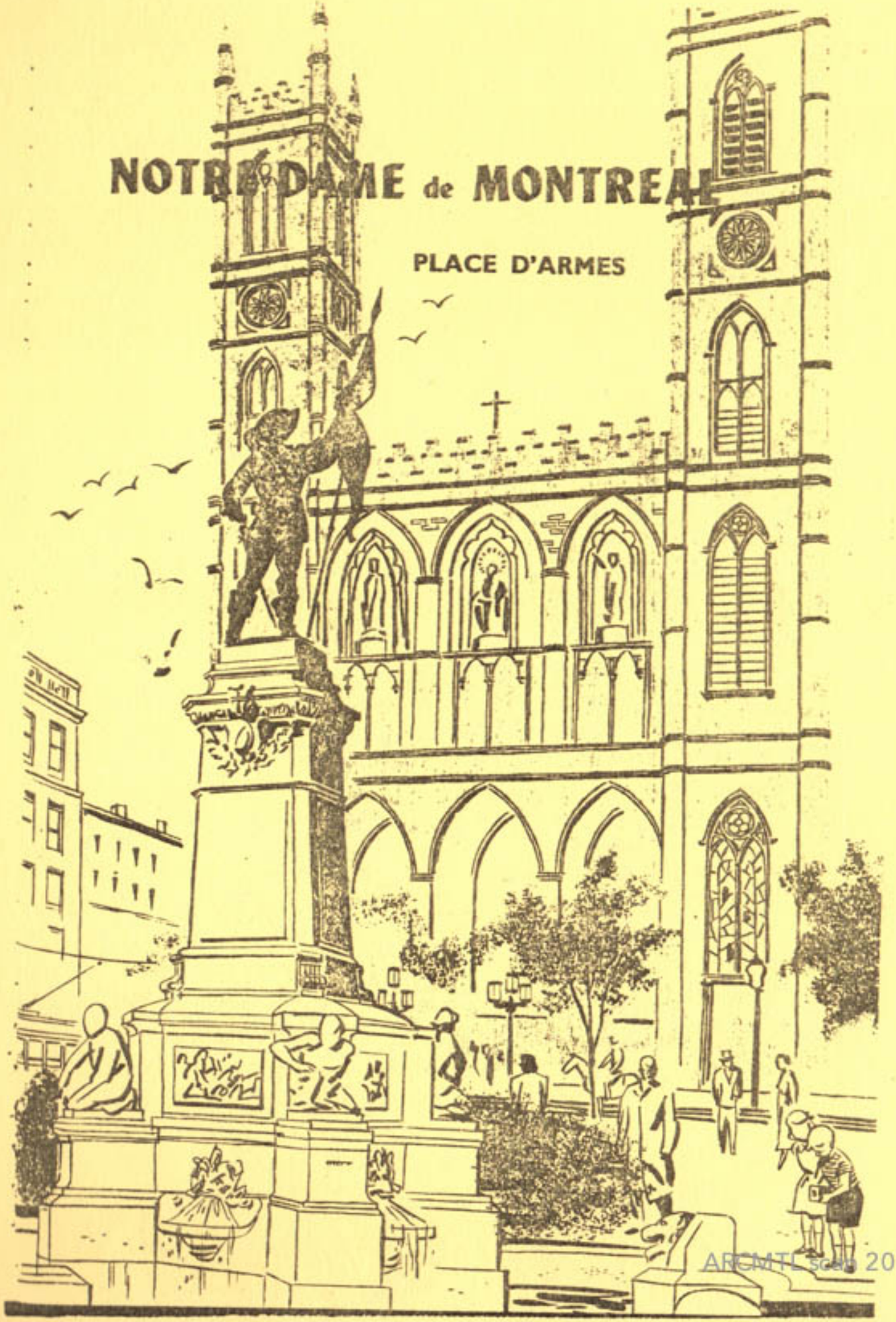

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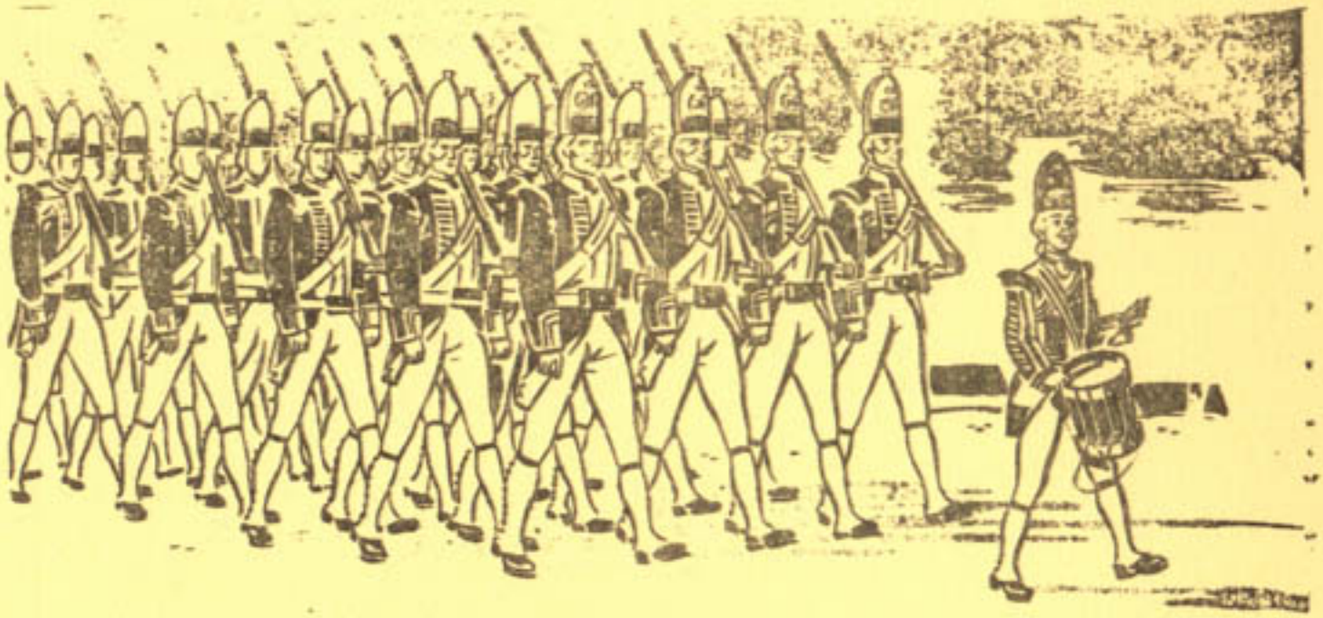

THE RED COATS AND THE FUR TRADERS

THE SIXTH of September, 1760, was an exciting day in Montreal's history. Quebec had been captured by the British. The French had retreated to Montreal, their last fortress in New France. Outside the city walls were thousands of redcoats waiting for the word to attack.

Montreal had few defenders, but still its narrow streets down by the waterfront seemed to be crowded with soldiers. Governor Vaudreuil, the only Canadian-born Governor of New France, knew that defence was impossible. He had only 2,500 regular troops and the British had 17,000. He sent a message to the British commander, General Amherst, offering to surrender.

On the morning of September 8, the redcoats marched in. With colours flying and bands playing, the British soldiers paraded through the suburbs and under the stone gates. Past silent, staring colonists they continued along St. Paul Street to the Citadel which stood on Champs de Mars, behind what is now the City Hall. There, they pulled down the lilies of France and hoisted the Union Jack. French rule in Canada was over.

Most of the French officers and government officials returned to France but the people of Montreal and the nearby farmers remained. They were soon joined by English and Scottish merchants who came to take part in the fur trade and to open shops and flour mills and factories.

In a few years the city had outgrown its walls and fortifications. The gates were torn down and new streets and buildings moved closer to the mountain. The fur traders who had banded together to form the North-West Fur Company sent such explorers as Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Simon Fraser

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and David Thompson to the north-west to compete with the Hudson's Bay Company.

Many of the merchants became very rich. James McGill, a Scotsman, was one of them. When he died he left his fortune to found McGill University which was built near his country estate, called Burnside.

In the spring, when the ice left the St. Lawrence, all Montreal was excited by the departure of the fur brigades. In their long, heavy-loaded canoes, the traders from Montreal set off for the long journey up the Great Lakes to the meeting place at Fort William. There they would meet the western partners who had spent the long winter gathering furs from the Indians. Trade goods from the eastern canoes were transferred to the wintering partners and the cargoes of furs were loaded into the canoes from Montreal.

After days and nights of celebrating, the fur brigades would begin their return journey to Montreal. As they arrived, the paddles of the canoemen flashing in the sun, they sang the old French chansons and river songs and shouted and cheered as the crowds turned out to greet them. Sometimes, too, as they paddled towards the wharfs of Montreal they would pass the woodsmen's river barges loaded with timber from the Ottawa Valley, on their way to meet the ocean ships at Montreal or Quebec.

The fur trade and the lumber business made Montreal the centre of commerce. On a straggling path, winding up the first slope towards the Mountain, stood Beaver Hall, the home of Joseph Frobisher, a wealthy fur merchant. The path today is a modern street called Beaver Hall Hill.

More famous was the Beaver Club, to which only men who had wintered in the north-west could belong. During the winter, members met at dinner to eat such delicacies as beaver tails and buffalo snouts; after dinner, they sat in a line on the floor, as if they were paddling a canoe. Then, using their sticks or swords as paddles, and swaying back and forth together, they sang the songs of the voyageurs. Rich merchants and the adventurous woodsmen made Montreal a colourful, thrilling place in which to live.

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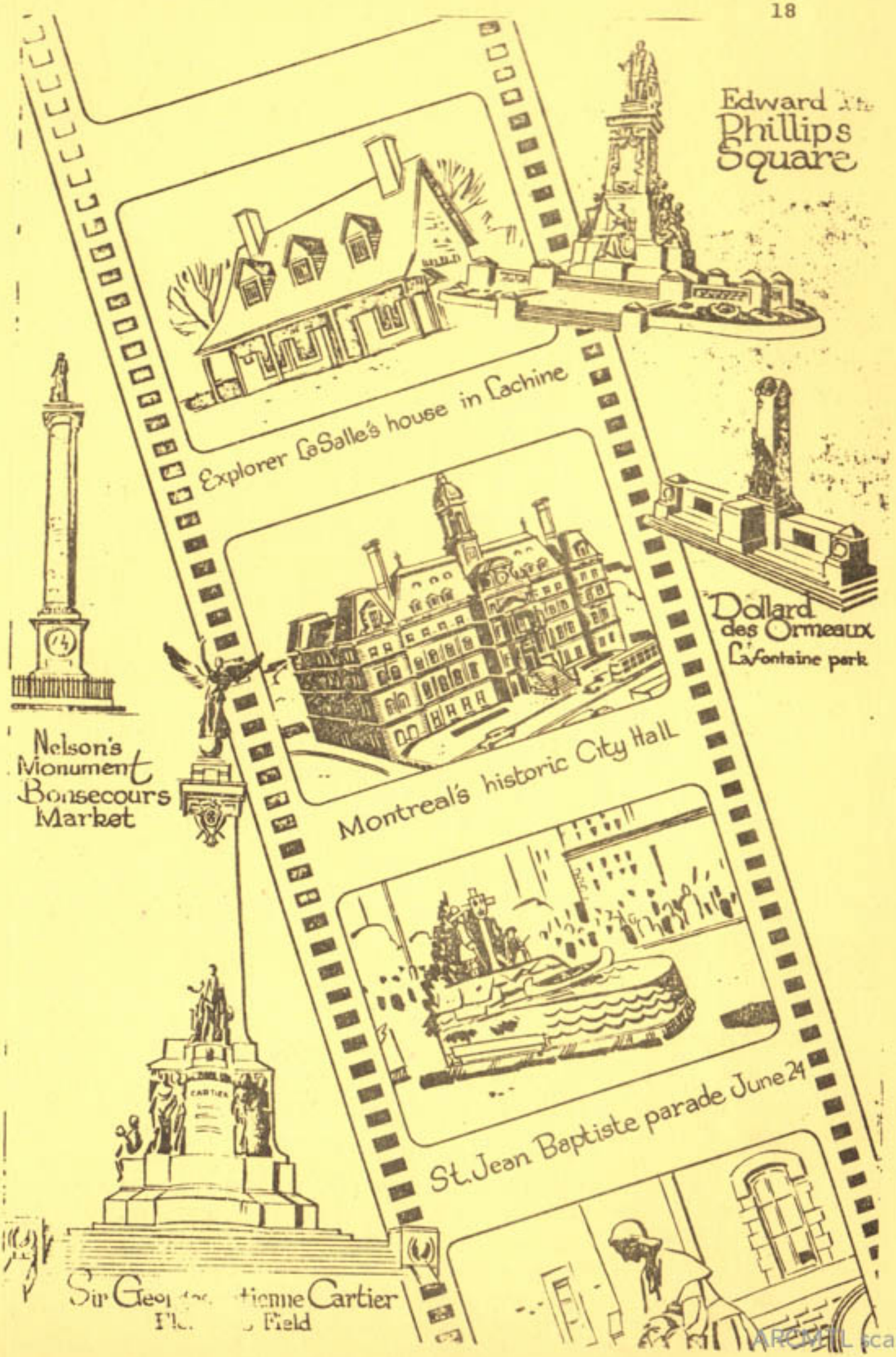

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THE LITTLE SEIGNEUR AND THE BIG FIRE

JUST AROUND the corner from the Château de Ramezay, where the French governors lived and where Benjamin Franklin stayed during the American occupation, is the monument to Lord Nelson, the victor of Trafalgar. A few steps away is an old building with a bronze plaque beside the door. This was once the home of the Papineau family and here, when he was a little boy, lived Louis Joseph Papineau, the fiery rebel and the Little Seigneur. Later, he lived in a house on St. Paul street which is also marked by a bronze plaque.

A little west of Place Royale is Youville Square. In the centre of the square is one of the oldest fire stations in Montreal. On the north side, more than a hundred years ago, stood the Parliament Buildings. Montreal was then Canada's capital, until the night of the big fire. In a way, the fire was the fault of Louis Joseph Papineau, though he was far away when it took place. It happened because of the Papineau Rebellion which had ended in failure more than ten years before.

Papineau was a handsome young man and a great orator. He was elected to the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada several times, but the British Governor and his Council didn't pay much attention to the wishes of the legislators. Time and again, Papineau demanded the people be given their rights, but each time he failed. Finally, along with Dr. Wilfred Nelson and other leaders, Papineau organized bands of Patriots, who were determined to fight for freedom. If necessary, they said, they would break away from Britain, as the Americans had done, and form their own republic.

Several battles took place. The first occurred during an election in Montreal when troops fired on a mob and three people were killed. Papineau and five thousand others walked in their funeral procession.

Four years later, "Sons of Liberty" groups were formed in Montreal. A fierce riot took place on St. James Street near St. Lawrence Boulevard. Thirteen rebels and six soldiers were killed in a battle at St. Denis, a village on the Richelieu River. Nearly fifty rebels were killed the next day at St. Charles and a battalion of troops marched to St. Eustache where the rebels were trapped in a church and many were killed.

More than thirty rebel leaders were captured, among them two who later became joint prime ministers of the Union of Upper and Lower Canada, Louis H. Lafontaine and Georges Etienne Cartier. Lafontaine Park is a

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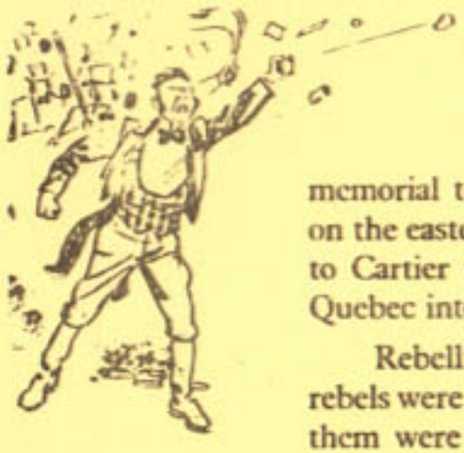

memorial to the first, and the tall statue on Fletcher's Field on the eastern slope of Mount Royal was built as a monument to Cartier who, as one of the Fathers of Confederation, led Quebec into the Dominion of Canada.

Rebellion broke out again in 1838 and at Odelltown fifty rebels were killed. The captured leaders were tried and twelve of them were hanged in the public square over which Jacques Cartier bridge now passes. The little square is now called Patriots' Square and on a huge stone there are engraved the names of those who were hanged as rebels.

Papineau escaped to the United States but returned in 1843 when an act of forgetfulness was passed. He bought a seigniory at Montebello on the Ottawa River and lived there in peace, known to his neighbours as the Little Seigneur. His home is now part of the Seigniory Club.

Soon after the rebellion ended almost all the rebels' demands had been granted and the city was at peace. Then a bill, called the Rebellion Losses Bill was introduced. Those who had suffered losses due to the rebellion were to be paid. One group in Parliament, called Tories, opposed the bill when they found that many of those to be paid had been rebels. Supporters of the bill, called Reformers, had the most members and the bill was passed.

Before the bill could become law, it had to be signed by the Governor. On the afternoon of April 25, 1849, Lord Elgin, the Governor, drove to Youville Square to sign the bill. As he left, his carriage was showered with stones and rotten fruit. That night a mob gathered in Champs de Mars and marched to Youville Square. They rushed into the Parliament Buildings where the members were meeting, smashed the furniture, drove the members into the street and set the building on fire. Nothing was saved except a portrait of Queen Victoria which was rescued by Sandford Fleming, a young engineer, who used it as a model for the design of Canada's first postage stamp. The portrait now hangs in the Senate Chamber in the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa.

The great fire was a disgrace to Montreal and it was no longer the capital. On Youville Square today are fish merchants and ship chandlers.

The Parliament Buildings were never rebuilt.

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STEAMSHIPS, TRAINS AND ICE PALACES

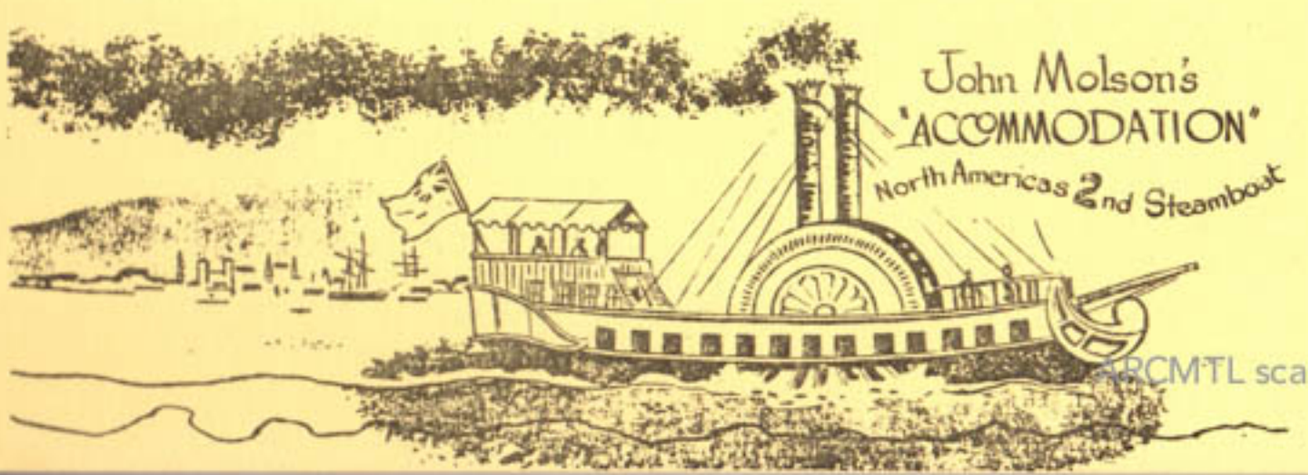
MONTREAL BECAME a big city because before the days of trains, motor cars and airplanes it was located on the main Canadian highway, the St. Lawrence River. The canoes of the fur brigades, the barges of the lumbermen and the sailing ships from England made Montreal the centre of commerce.

In 1809, John Molson of Montreal built a little steamboat called the Accommodation. It was the second steamboat built in America. Carrying ten passengers and a small cargo, the Accommodation made her first voyage on November 3, and reached Quebec sixty-six hours later. The same trip today takes ten hours in a river boat.

By 1815 Montrealers who had been forced to walk about their muddy streets in darkness at night had their first street lights. That same year they had a night watch consisting of twenty-four men who served as police and also lighted and trimmed the lamps. As trade with the west began to increase, they decided that the canoe was no longer a big enough ship and they began digging a canal so that larger boats could pass around the rapids. That was the beginning of what in 1958 became the great St. Lawrence Seaway.

Since Jacques Cartier first came to Montreal in 1535, it had always been difficult to travel up the St. Lawrence River to Lake Ontario and farther west to the end of Lake Superior. Between Fort William, where the fur traders met, and Montreal are many big waterfalls, including Niagara Falls, and many long rapids with very rough water. To go up the river, ships must not only go through canals which pass around the falls and rapids, but they must also be raised little by little as they go.

To do this, in each canal is a lock. When the west-bound ship enters the lock, she goes in at the shallow end. Gates behind her are closed and water



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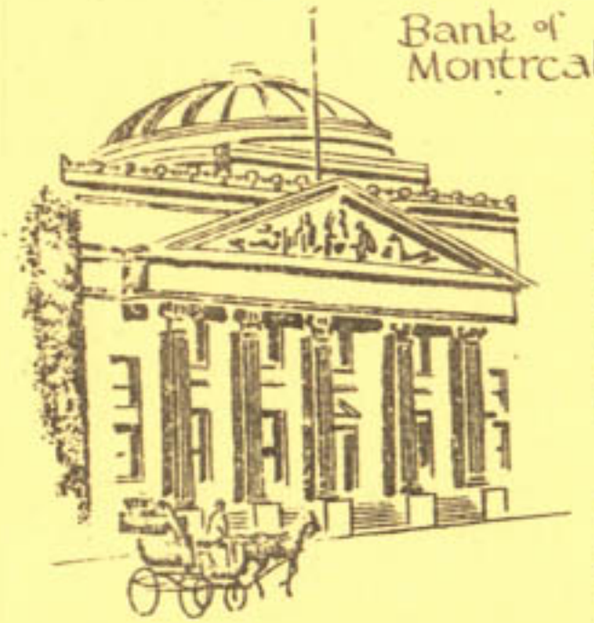
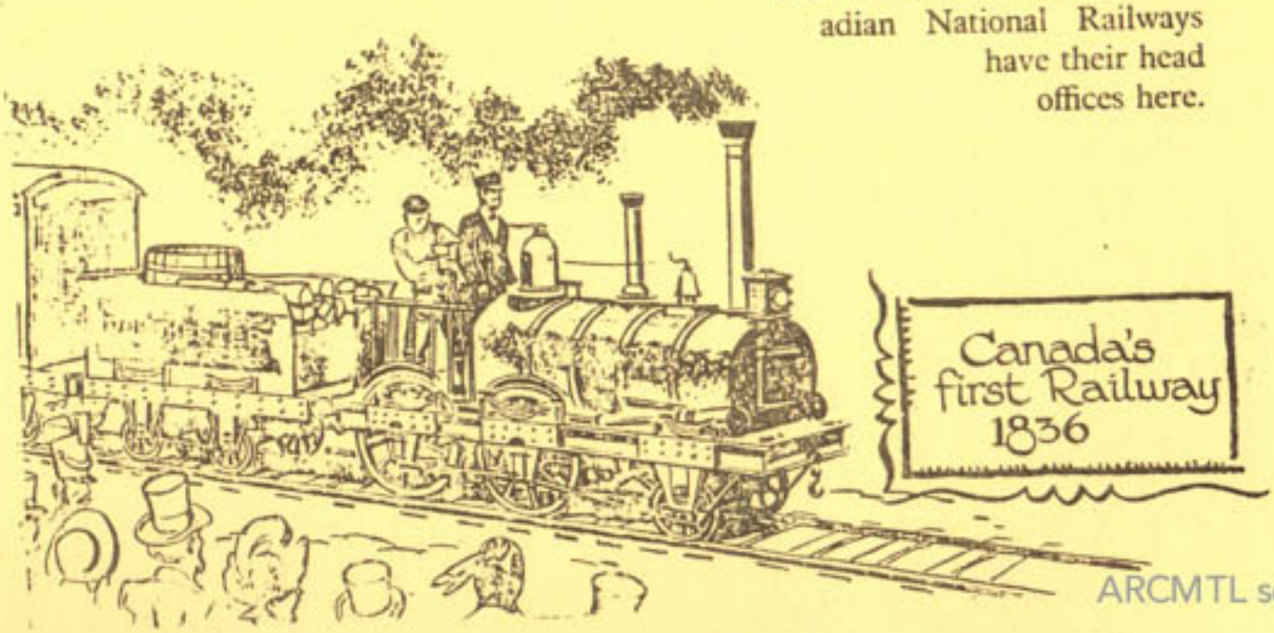


is poured into the lock until the ship rises to the same level as the water outside the gate at the western end. Then, that gate is opened and the ship moves on to the next canal and lock. In this way the biggest ships in the world can now go all the way to the head of the lakes.

In 1817, a group of merchants formed Canada's first bank, the Bank of Montreal. Its big stone head office building stands on Place d'Armes. By then, the merchants were more important than the redcoats and the British Garrison, which had been in Montreal since 1760, was moved to St. Helen's Island. The Government built a barracks and fort on the island and the ancient Citadel on Champs de Mars was torn down. Band concerts and parades were held on the square but the troops lived on the island named by Champlain.

In 1836, the first railway in Canada was opened just across the river when a little wood-burning locomotive with a big smokestack pulled half a dozen passenger cars along a wood track from Laprairie to St. Johns. Eleven years later, a second railway was built, connecting Montreal to Lachine. During the winter, the train from Laprairie would sometimes cross the river on the ice to Montreal but not until 1859 when the Victoria Bridge was built could visitors come all the way to Montreal by train.

Montreal was not only busy building railways and canals and bridges for itself. It was also busy organizing and building railways for the rest of Canada. The Canadian Pacific Railway, first to cross the continent, was directed from Montreal and today both the C.P.R. and the Canadian National Railways have their head offices here.



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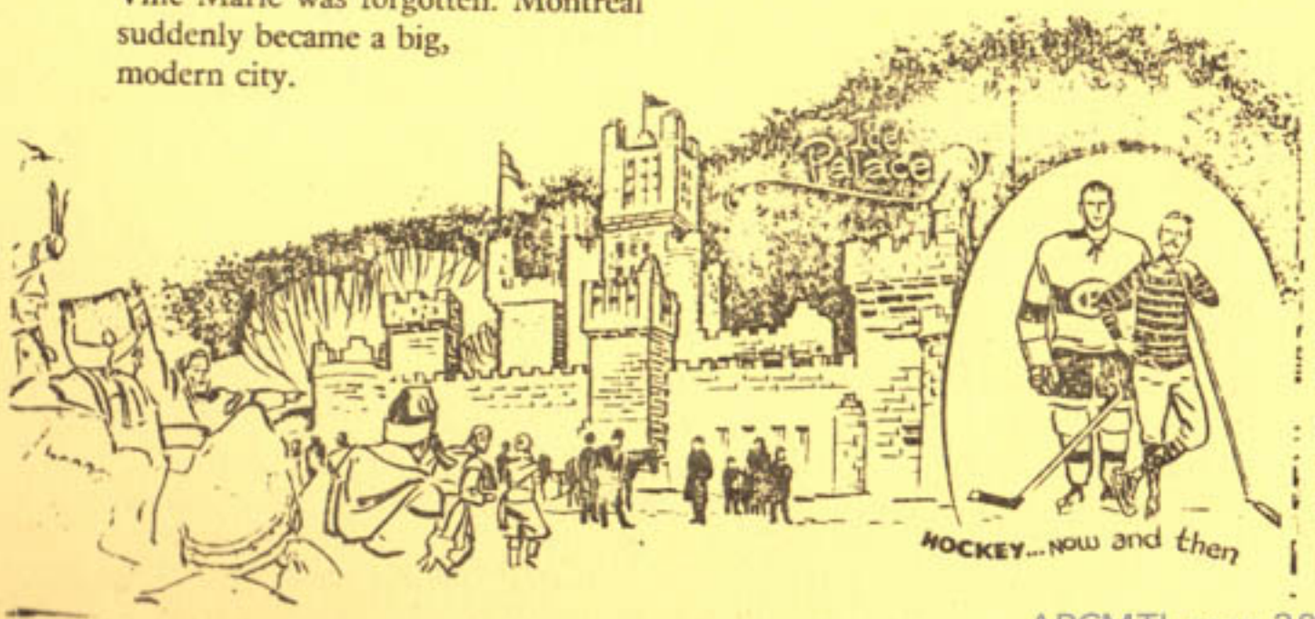
Early Montreal costumes

All this activity brought many more people to live in Montreal and the prosperous merchants and railroad builders built big stone mansions on Dorchester and Sherbrooke streets. Today these are busy business streets but you may still see some of the mansions of men like Lord Strathcona, Sir William Van Horne, Lord Mountstephen and Sir Montague Allan.

Every winter Montreal had its famous Ice Palace which during Carnival Week was attacked by armies of snowshoers carrying flaming torches. Hundreds of Montrealers belonged to snowshoe clubs and tramped about in the snow, all dressed up in their colourful blanket coats, their brilliant sashes, called ceintures flechées, and their long, tasselled tuques. On Sherbrooke Street handsome men in fur coats and hats whipped up their horses as they raced their cutters along the icy road. In summer, they drove their smart tandem teams. In the first enclosed but unheated rinks, Canada's hockey teams played and skating carnivals were held.

At the Theatre Royal soldiers of the garrison presented plays and Charles Dickens, the English novelist, once appeared with them. In the summer, on McGill University grounds gentlemen in white flannels played cricket and women in crinolines sipped lemonades. On a Saturday afternoon crowds gathered to watch Canada's national game, lacrosse. Along the wooden sidewalks on the main streets, ladies in long flowing skirts and big hats walked from shop to shop, or drove past in their carriages. Some of them rode on bicycles built for two.

Then came the tramcar and the automobile, and finally, in 1966, Montreal Métro, the city's rubber-tired subway. People moved out into the country to live. Factories and office buildings were built where the old mansions had been. Ville Marie was forgotten. Montreal suddenly became a big, modern city.



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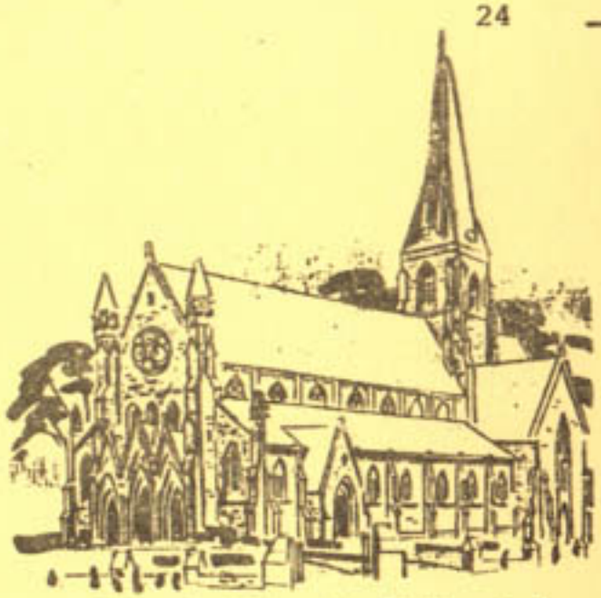
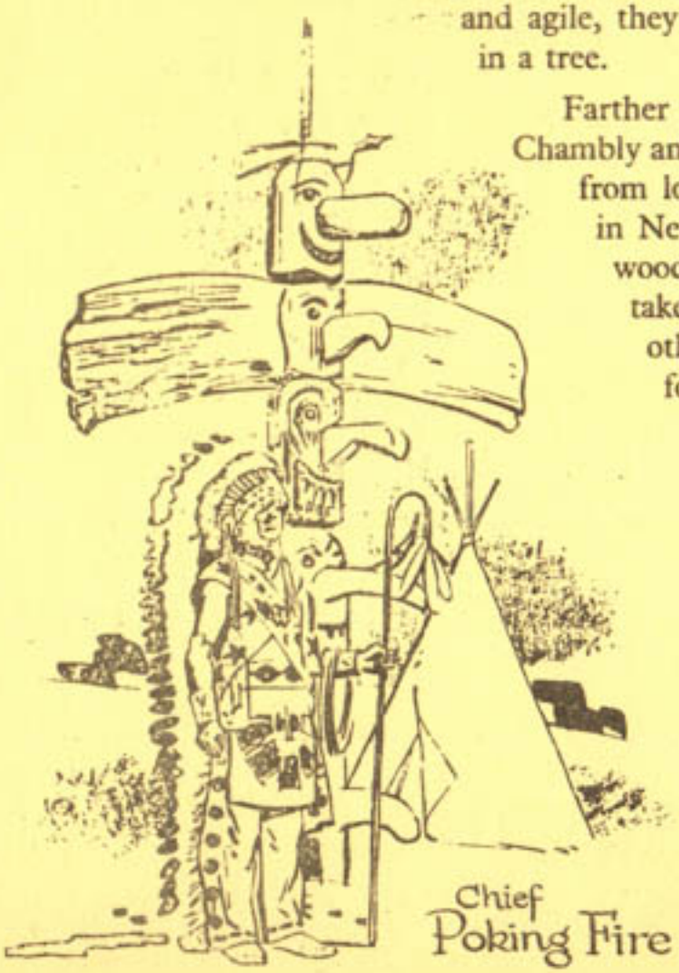
LET'S GO EXPLORING IN MONTREAL



Christ Church Cathedral

IT'S FUN to go exploring in Montreal. This is an explorers' city. Not only was this island in the St. Lawrence discovered by famous explorers, it also has a real mountain in the centre of the city where boys and girls may go climbing or, if they know how, horseback riding, skating or skiing.

Today's young explorers may even find an Indian Village. Just across the river, over the Mercier bridge, is Caughnawaga where Chief Poking Fire and his Mohawk braves have their wigwams and a real Indian museum. Inside are bows and arrows and feather head dresses, just like the redmen wore when Jacques Cartier was here in 1535. All the people who live in Caughnawaga are Indians. In the old days, they lived in the forests and hunted and fished for food. Today, they are famous as steelworkers and have helped build the highest buildings and bridges in the world. Sure-footed and agile, they climb the high steelwork like cats in a tree.



Chief Poking Fire

Farther from Montreal, on the road to Chambly and the Granby Zoo, is another village from long ago. It is just like a settlement in New France. Stone houses and barns, wooden sheds and old rail fences were taken down and brought here from other parts of Quebec. Together they form a Village Historique alongside an old trail leading to Lake Champlain and New York state.

In the city itself there are miniature trains and an old-time river steamer in Parc Lafontaine, jungles and forests and huge gardens at the Jardin Botanique and a tiny school where very young gardeners learn all about flowers and plants.

An old and historic city, Montreal preserves many of its treasures

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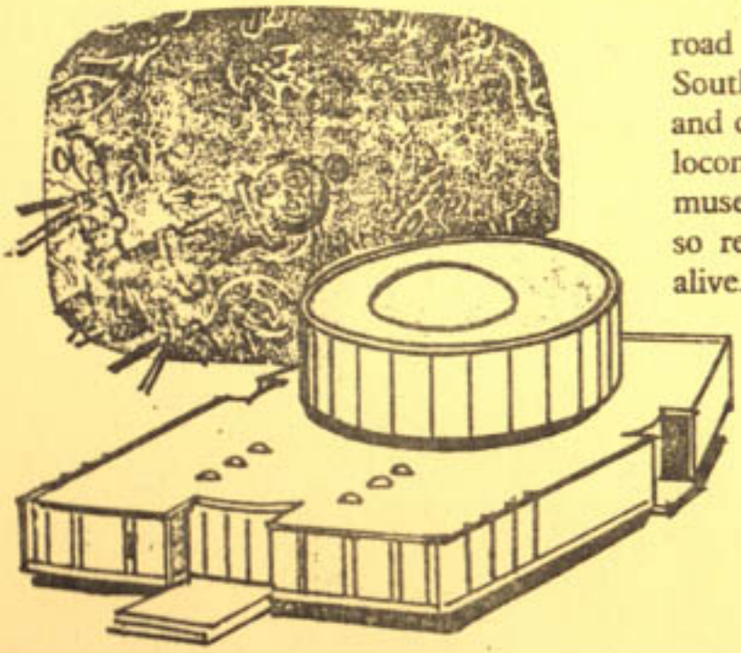
in small museums and famous old houses. In the Redpath Museum on the McGill University grounds, there is a fine collection of minerals, fossils, animals, birds, insects and rocks to fascinate young scientists. Sometimes, there are special displays, such as an Indian longhouse or Tipi exhibitions showing the tools, clothing and weapons used by the Indians.

McCord Museum, nearby, has a collection of early Canadian photographs by William Notman who once photographed President Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. His pictures of old-time hockey teams, skating carnivals and snow-shoe parties show how Montrealers lived and played a hundred years ago.

On Beaver Hall Hill, in the Bell Telephone Building, is the Canadian Telephone museum and the Bank of Montreal on Place d'Armes has an exhibit of early coins and paper dollars. The Chateau de Ramezay has the largest collection and displays old pictures of Montreal, books, canoes, costumes and a fire engine which used to rush to Montreal fires seventy-five years ago.



There is also a Montreal Railroad Museum, at Delson on the South Shore, where you can see and climb on an old wood-burning locomotive. And there are two wax museums where wax figures look so real you will be sure they are alive.

On St. Helen's Island soldiers in the uniforms of the Caregnan Regiment of the 18th century mount guard and fire their ancient cannon.

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DOLPHINS and STARS and the THREE LITTLE BEARS

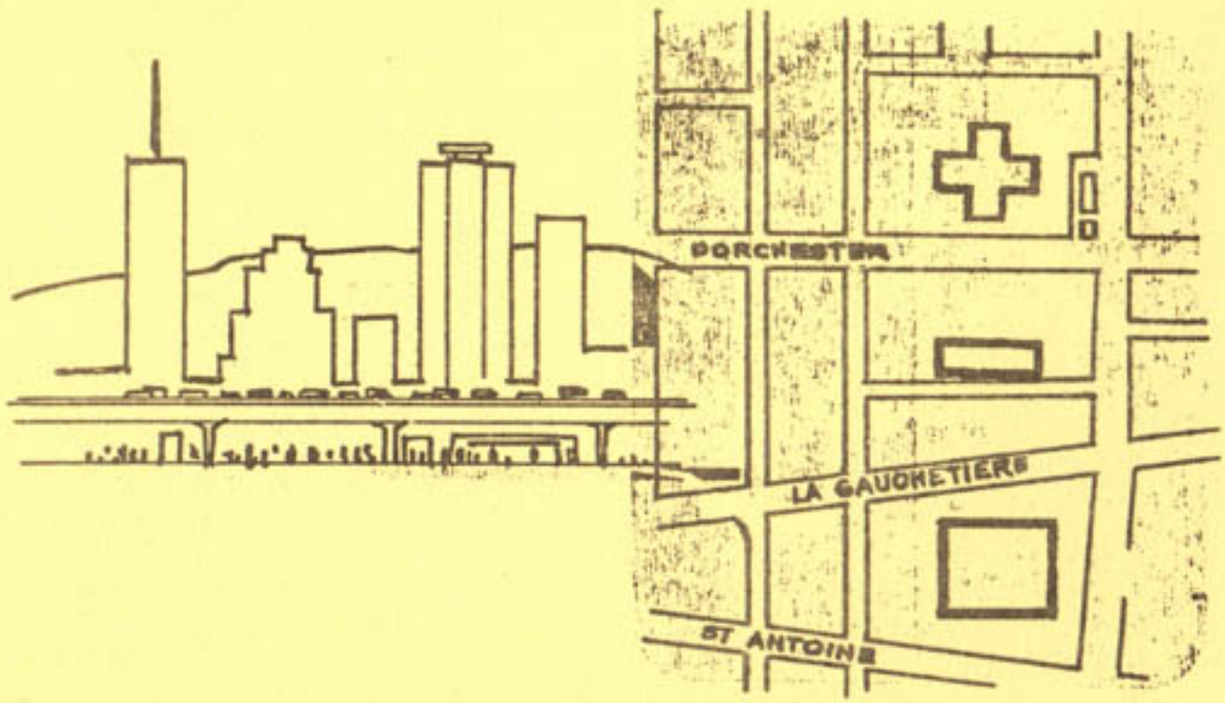
ANY BOY or girl who has never seen a dolphin, never wondered about the twinkling stars or never met the Three Little Bears should be glad to be in Montreal.

For here, in this great big city, dolphins play all day in their own special aquarium; stars shine in the sky, even in the daytime in the Dow Planetarium; the Three Little Bears live in their house in the woods. And boys and girls, and grown-ups, too, are invited to go and see them all.

The dolphins look like porpoises and they play in their tank like children in a schoolyard. Because they are so active and amusing, the city has built seats for 900 people outside their raised glass tank. To find it, go down to the Expo islands.

The Show of the Stars is a real-life show which changes every month and gives a picture of the night sky as it looked a thousand years ago, or as it will look a hundred years from now. In a specially-built seat, you lean back and look up into the darkness. Suddenly, the Milky Way, the Big and Little Dippers, comets and meteors flash across the heavens. You are like an astronaut sailing through space.

To find the Three Little Bears you must visit le Jardin des Merveilles, the Garden of Wonders, at Parc Lafontaine. Once you have walked under the golden arch, you are in a summer or winter fairyland created just for children. All the fairy story animals you know are there; Bambi the deer, Reynard the fox and the Little Red Hen—and the animals that walked into Noah's Ark, live and play in this Children's Zoo.



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THE UNDERGROUND CITY

ALL BIG CITIES have big, tall buildings called skyscrapers. Montreal has some, too, and from their roof-tops you can see the whole city and even far-away mountains in Vermont and New York.

But sometimes it rains in Montreal, even when the summer visitors are here. And in winter, it is sometimes quite cold. And nobody likes to go out shopping in the rain, or stand on top of a high building in a cold wind. So Montreal builders began to think and plan and wonder how they could build a down-town city where one could shop all day, have lunch or supper, go to a movie and never go out in the rain or the snow. They drew hundreds of pictures and plans and then, finally, one day they had it! They would build a new city underground.

The big bulldozers and shovels went to work where the new high buildings were going up and soon there were streets and squares and parks and plazas and huge garages deep down below the ground. Then, all around the city tunnels were built and Montreal had a subway, which it calls the *Métro*, so that people could come to the underground city on an underground railway.

Now, rain or shine, you can walk along underground streets past toy shops and dress shops, barber shops and book shops, shoe stores and clothing stores, theatres and art galleries, little cafés and big restaurants, souvenir stands and jewelry counters. And in the middle of the Underground City—a railway station, two big hotels and the doors to an air terminal where people who have been underground all day go to catch a plane to fly off in the sky.

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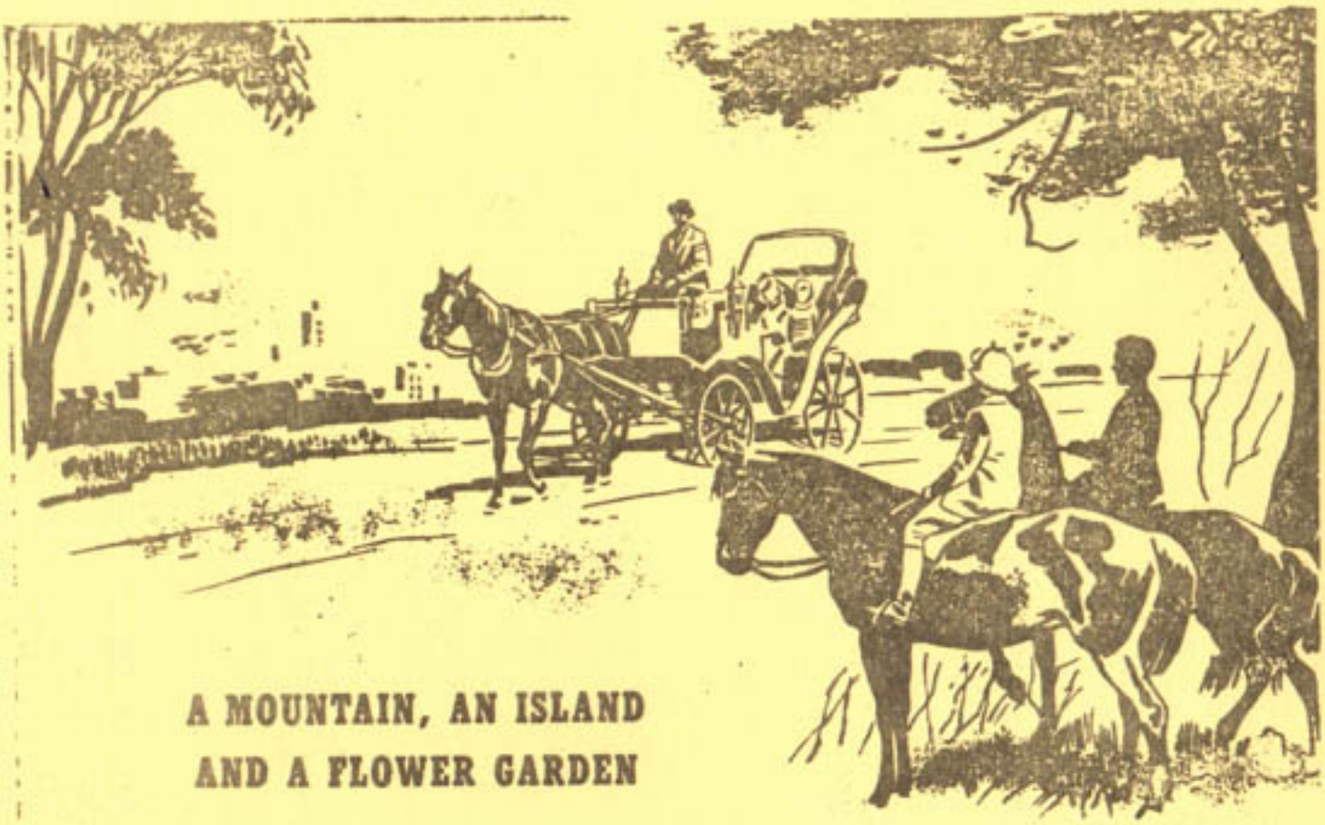

A MOUNTAIN, AN ISLAND AND A FLOWER GARDEN

MONTREAL IS a city of trees. If you are flying over Montreal in an airplane, the city looks like a huge, green forest with little ribbons of streets and tiny buildings peeking out from the leaves. And the first thing visitors see when they come to Montreal is the tree-covered mountain.

On the west is Westmount, in the middle is Mount Royal, and on the northeast, Outremont. Mount Royal is Montreal's favourite park, and the right way to visit it for the first time is by horse and carriage, in summer, or by sleigh, in winter.

Within a few minutes from the time you climb into carriage or sleigh you are out of the city, driving along a country road lined with beautiful trees. As the horses clop-clop along the soft dirt road, or trot on the snow-packed trail, their sleigh bells jingling and their passengers tucked under buffalo robes, you forget that you are still in a big city. In the woods live hundreds of pheasants and other birds and among the trees you will sometimes see bird watchers, listening for the various bird calls. From time to time, horse-back riders will pass you as they gallop along the bridle paths, and in the winter, skiers and boys and girls on toboggans slide down the mountain slopes.

Until a few years ago Montrealers used to go tobogganing on Mount Royal, their toboggans speeding at sixty miles an hour down the slides and along the icy trails. Today, the toboggan slide is gone, but Montrealers go to the mountain to ski and a ski-tow which carries you to the top of the ski-run is just as popular as the toboggan slide ever was.

At the top of Mount Royal are the Chalet and Lookout. From here, you can see the city spread out before you, with the St. Lawrence River and the bridges across it as a background. In the distance, on a clear day, you may see the Blue Mountains in the United States, and you may watch, as Jacques Cartier did, at Hochelaga, the white waters of the Lachine Rapids. At night

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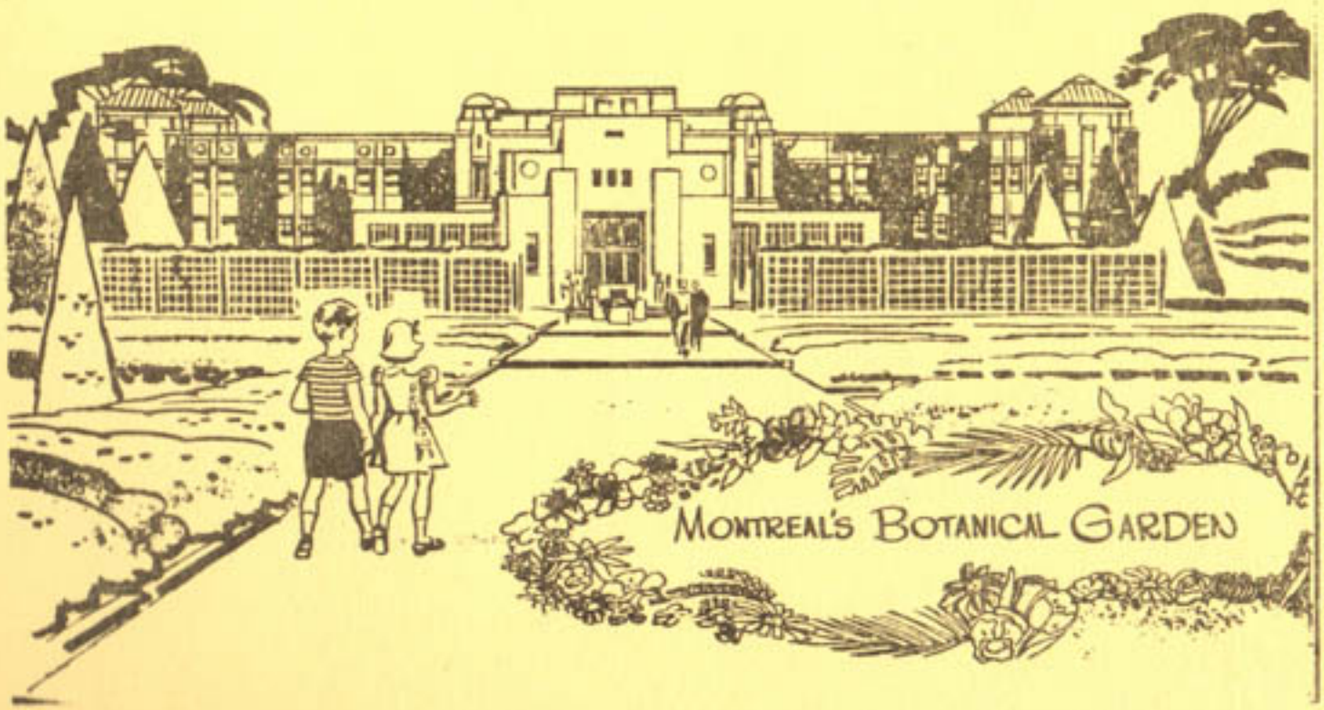
from the mountain top, you look out over a city of millions of lights, sparkling like jewels on a piece of black velvet. Across the river the lights on the bridges are like strings of pearls; reaching to the sky are the city buildings which cover the Underground City.

Near the Lookout is Beaver Lake, resting in what was once the mouth of a volcano. To reach the lake from the Lookout, you may ride on one of two little trains, The Tempest and The Breeze. Men and boys sail their model ships there, and feed the ducklings, and in the winter the lake forms an outdoor skating rink. On all sides are forest trails and clearings, used by the people for picnics and playgrounds.

As you look out over the city, let your eyes rest for a moment on the little islands near the Jacques Cartier Bridge. One is St. Helen's Island, named by Champlain, the others are Expo islands. Before 1967, they were not even there; they were made by engineers and builders so that a World Exhibition could be held in the St. Lawrence in front of Montreal.

Atop Place Ville Marie which is shaped like a cross, a beacon light revolves, signalling airplanes approaching Montreal. On the Mountain itself, a giant illuminated cross has for years served as a beacon to ships coming up-river to the island city.

Farther east, on Sherbrooke Street, is Montreal's famous Botanical Garden. Spring and fall, flower shows are held in its big glass greenhouses, and year-round in the Gardens there are nature classes for children where they learn about all the things which are seldom seen in the city.



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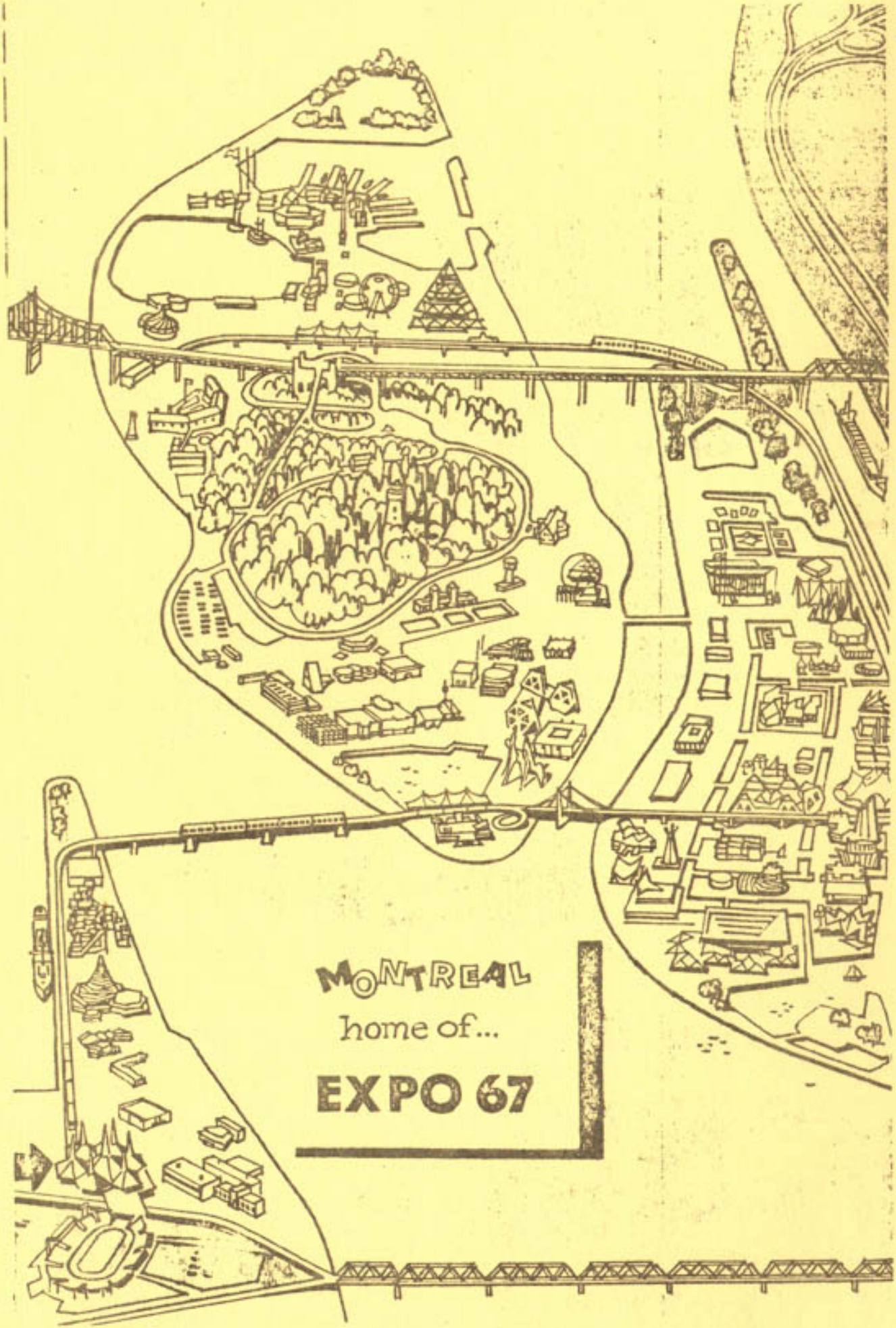

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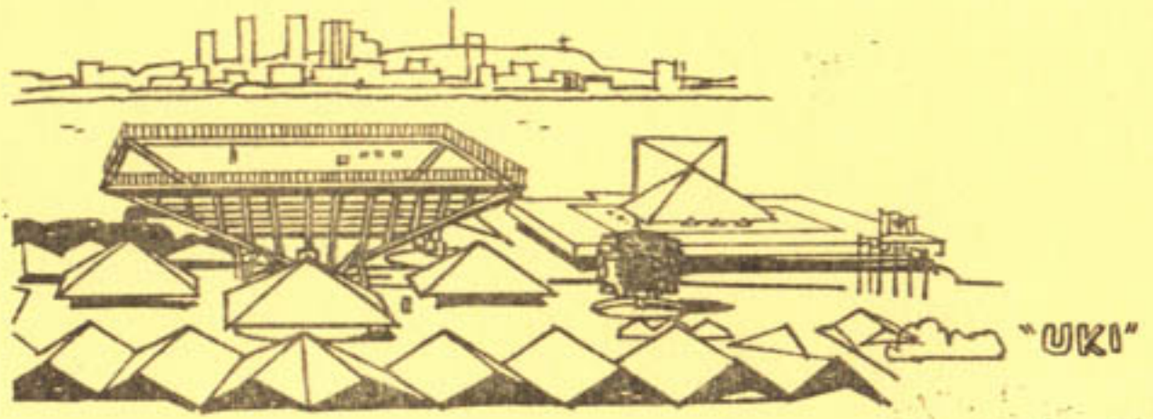


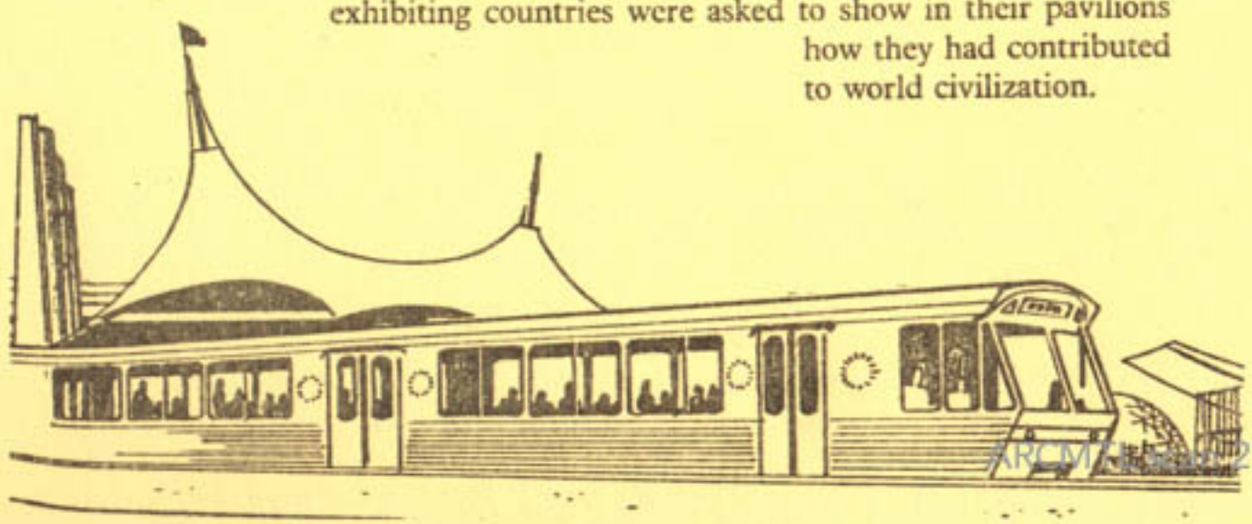
EXPO 67—
A FAIR TO REMEMBER

NOBODY EVER forgets a World's Fair. It is something you go on remembering forever.

There have been very few World's Fairs and in order to stage such an attraction, a city must be something very special.

Away back in 1960, Montreal decided to have its World's Fair and the Mayor flew off to Paris, France, to ask permission from the International Bureau of Expositions which decides when and where a World's Fair may be held. After long discussions, Montreal's request was granted and the long work of preparation began. Because the Fair was to be held in 1967, and in order to have a name which would be understood by both French and English people, the managers of the exposition decided to call it Expo 67. And that was the name by which it became known around the world.

In addition to having a name, Expo 67 had to have a theme or a special meaning which would explain what the exhibition would be like. The managers decided to call it an exhibit of "Man and His World" and all the exhibiting countries were asked to show in their pavilions how they had contributed to world civilization.



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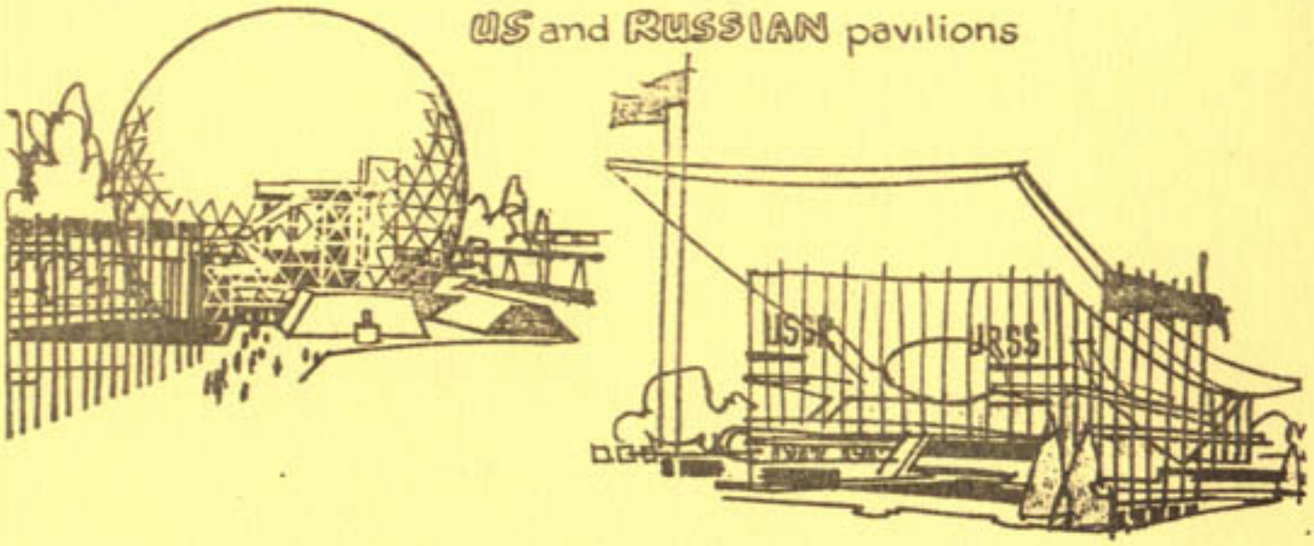


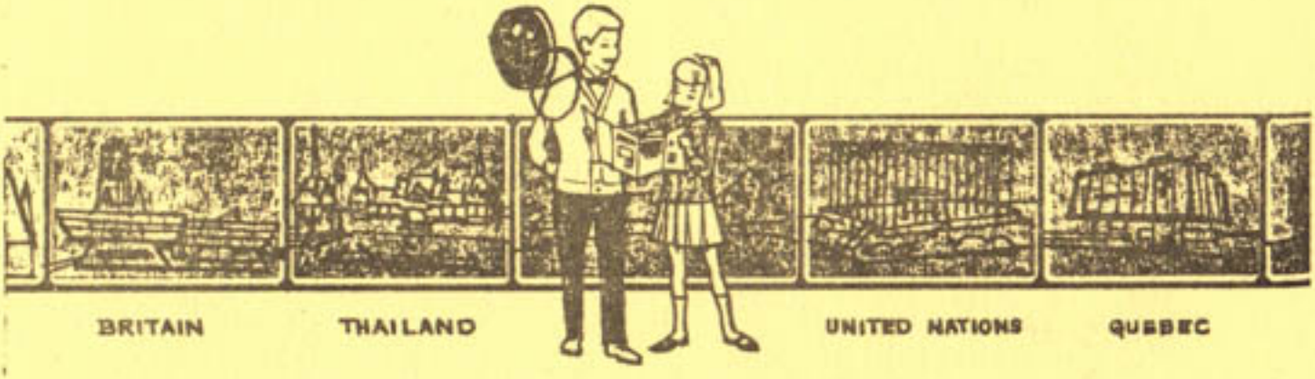
Seventy countries from around the world came to build the Fair making it the biggest World's Fair ever—and the most exciting, too, because each country built its own pavilion and filled it with treasured articles from home.

At first, no one knew just where Expo would be held. The Mayor suggested it should be on St. Helen's Island. Everyone said it was too small and, anyway, it should be left as a public park. So the Mayor said "let's build a bigger island—or even two or three of them" and that was what was done.

Soon, the new islands in the St. Lawrence began humming with activity. Buildings went up as if they were built with toy building blocks. One of them, from Germany, was an iron and plastic tent. Another was like a building made of tiny Christmas trees.

On Ile Ronde, east of Jacques Cartier Bridge, exciting new games and rides were constructed until finally, the day Expo opened, millions of people began pouring through the gates eager for a glimpse of "Man and His World".

For many years to come, Expo 67 will be a memory in the minds of people from many lands. Boy and girl visitors, recalling all the wonders of the world that they saw in Montreal in 1967, will be telling their boys and girls about Canada's biggest city in the year of the world's biggest fair.



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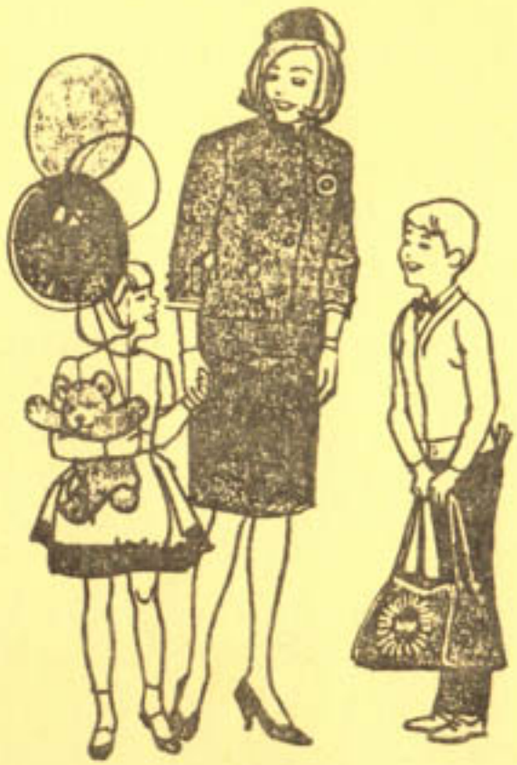
Dolphin Pool of the Montreal Aquarium

Over the city of many flags, many new flags were raised as nation after nation erected its own pavilion. Singers and dancers, actors and actresses, athletes and clowns and magicians helped Montreal create its new position not only as the largest city in Canada but for a brief time as the centre of the world.

Expo 67, a fair to remember, will always be a part of the story of Montreal—as much a part as was the arrival of Jacques Cartier four hundred years earlier or as the departure of the first Canadian train for the prairies back in the years when Canada was born.



By Canadian boys and girls, Expo 67 will be remembered as part of Canada's birthday party, held at a time when Canada was just one hundred years old. To boys and girls from other lands, their visit to Expo will be a souvenir—which in French means memory—of a day or a week in Montreal.

Few of the Expo buildings remain as a permanent part of the Big City but the spirit of Expo 67 will be a part of Montreal for years to come.

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SAY AU REVOIR TO MONTREAL

SIGHT-SEEING TRIPS and visits to parks and exhibitions are fun, but sometimes the best fun of all is just to roam around and see what you can see.

A walk along Sherbrooke Street is always an adventure, and so is a trip to Chinatown, on Lagauchetière St., where there are gaudy Chinese signs and windows filled with strange food and ornaments. Drop in at the Museum of Fine Arts, on Sherbrooke St., and see the Canadian paintings, or watch the children's art classes on Saturday mornings. Visit Place des Arts for a children's concert by Les Concerts Symphoniques.

A short bus trip will take you to Verdun, which, like Westmount and Outremont, is also part of Greater Montreal. Verdun has a boardwalk and a big outdoor swimming pool and you may change there to another bus and drive along the Lower Lachine Road beside the Lachine Rapids. Before you come to Lachine you will see an old house on the right. LaSalle, the great explorer, lived there and his home is now a museum. Next door is a government fish hatchery where you can see many kinds of Quebec fish.

Visit Dominion Square and feed the pigeons or look at the monuments. In this square the crowds gathered to welcome Princess Elizabeth and Prince Phillip on their Royal Visit before she was Queen. Sir John A. Macdonald,

View of the Montreal sky line from the "lookout" on the mountain

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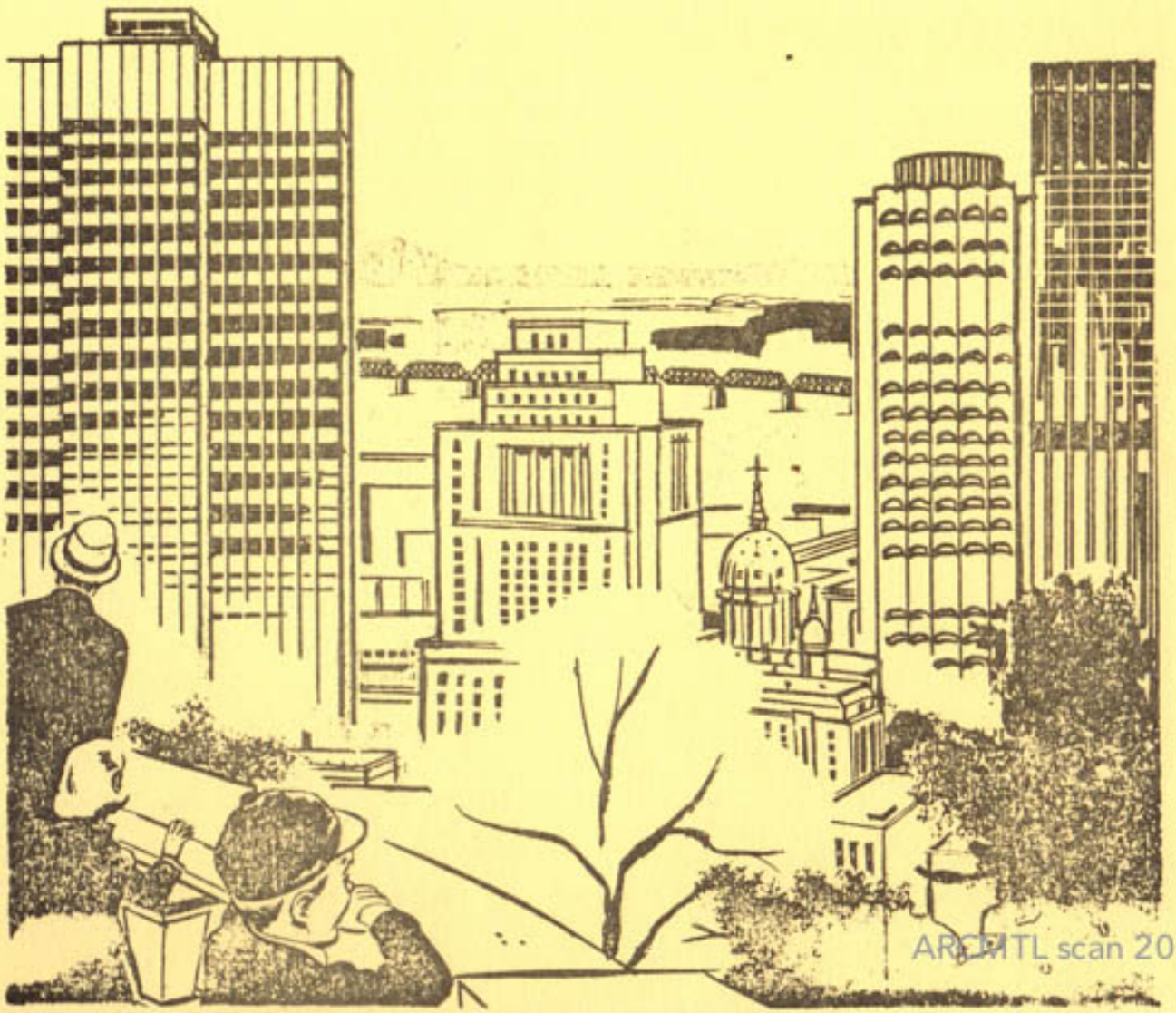
Canada's first Prime Minister, has a monument here, and so have Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, the Boer War soldiers and the men who were killed in two World Wars. There is also a statue of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the first French Canadian to become Prime Minister after Confederation.

Best of all is a visit to that part of Montreal which is truly French. Not far from Bonsecours Market is lovely, tree-shaded Place Viger. On one side is what was once the Place Viger Hotel and Station, now part of Montreal's City Hall. On the other side is the Commercial Museum with its models of little paper-making machines, cotton mills, and factories of many kinds which show how the things we use are made.

Leading north from Place Viger is St. Denis Street and on all sides you will find little French bookshops and restaurants and stores where everyone you meet speaks to you in French. Here you will soon learn that "pâtisserie" means "pastry", "boucher" means "butcher", "librairie" means "bookshop", and "pharmacie" means "drug store".

No matter what you do, you won't have time to see everything there is to see in Montreal, because every day there is something new in Canada's biggest city.



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